

THE LISTENER, JULY 31, 1958. Vol. LX. No. 1531.

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



The summer holiday: digging in the sands at Bournemouth

G. MacDonnic

In this number:

How Can Germany Help Europe? (Terence Prittie)

Fun in Soviet Russia (Faubion Bowers)

On Meeting Some Famous Victorians (Sir Arthur Richmond)

RICH DARK HONEYDEW



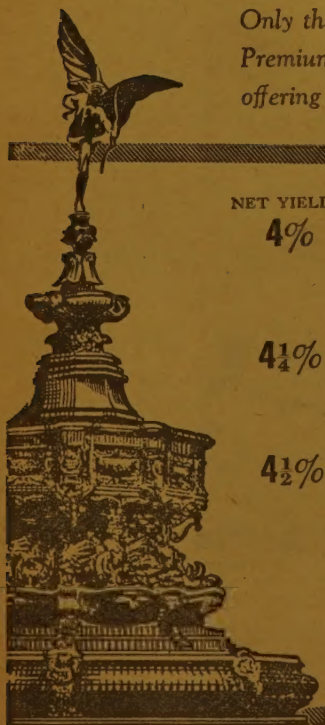
FLAKE

4'11

RUBBED OUT

PER OZ.

Premium Shares



Only the Piccadilly Building Society offers
Premium Shares: a unique investment system
offering increasing rates of interest.

NET YIELD		GROSS YIELD
4%	Income Tax paid by the Society, equivalent where Income Tax at the standard rate is payable to.....	£6.19.6%
4 $\frac{1}{4}$ %	including premium of $\frac{1}{4}$ % paid retrospectively after twelve months, equivalent to.....	£7.7.11%
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	including premium of $\frac{1}{2}$ % paid retrospectively after three years, equivalent to.....	£7.16.6%

These rates are applicable where the standard rate of Tax is payable. Write for free brochure, which contains details of this safe and attractive way of saving.

**PICCADILLY BUILDING
SOCIETY**

Estate House • 31 Dover St • Piccadilly W1 • Telephone: HYDe Park 5237

To young married men

and others with responsibilities

£5,000

at death within 20 years may be provided by a premium of only £20 p.a. for a man aged 30.

Enquire for details at your age stating the capital sum desired and the term of years from

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

(founded 1762)

19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

**"Your Gramophone
exceeds all our expectations.
We find it magnificent
in the open air"**

**THE WONDER OF THE
19th CENTURY.**

Gradual Payments taken.

"THE GRAMOPHONE."

(Berliner's Patent.)
Loudest and most distinct sound-producing machine yet invented. Goes by clockwork. Record-disc practically indestructible. Loud enough to fill a hall holding 500 people.
A Customer writes: "Your Gramophone exceeds all our expectations. We find it magnificent in the open air."
Hundreds of Records to Choose from. Records sent on Approval.
PRICE £5 10s. Records 2/6 each.
Large variety of Musical Boxes with Changeable Metal Discs.
IMHOF & MUKLE (By Appointment to H.M. the Queen),
110, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

... wrote one of our customers, quoted in this 1898 advertisement. Today, you can witness the wonder of the 20th century as expressed in the wide range of high fidelity equipment—including stereophonic sound—on daily demonstration at Imhofs show-rooms. And if you prefer to enjoy your music *al fresco* we can fix that too! Write now for latest edition of our illustrated Hi Fi Catalogue.

IMHOFS

JANUARY TO JUNE 1958

	Page		Page		Page
ABBOTT, PROFESSOR C. COLLEER ...	864	Arter, Wallace ...	439	Books Reviewed:	
Accra Conference ...	722	Asia, Left and Right in ...	603	Adopted Child, The ...	249
Ackerley, J. R. ...	870, 879	Asian on Asia, An: ...		Advocate's Devil, The ...	821
Adamson, Yvonne ...	192	Bandung, Limits of ...	263, 325	Affair of the Heart, An ...	249
Africa:		Cult of Personality, The ...	305, 370, 409	Aku-Aku. The Secret of Easter Island ...	665
Accra Conference ...	722	Revolution, Unfinished ...	352	America as a Civilisation ...	643
Economic Landscape ...	646	Athens: Desperate Mood in ...	1039	American Earthquake, The ...	865
Revolution from the Inside, The ...	939	Attlee, Lord ...	861	American English ...	968
African Encounter:		Australian Aborigines ...	766	Angry Decade, The ...	1025
Leopard in the Thatch ...	657	Austria: The Mood Today ...	803	Antarctic Night ...	1067
Smoke in My Eyes ...	734	Aviation ...	10,689,784	Antiphon, The ...	333
Walking Dead, The ...	624			Architecture, Western: Guide to ...	590
Agnew, Geoffrey ...	973, 995			Arctic, High ...	462
Agnostic, How to Be an ...	55			Argument, The Uses of ...	
Air Photography in War ...	359			Armies and Men: A Study of American Military History ...	987
Air Space in Europe ...	269			Arnhem ...	702
Aircraft Industry, A 'Brain' for the ...	765			Arp, Jean ...	627
Alexander, Mary ...	43			Art and Reality ...	457
Alington, 'Mad' ...	530			Art in Crisis ...	787
Allen, Walter ...	583, 599			Asia, The Rise of Modern ...	461
Alloway, Lawrence ...	206, 327, 330, 508, 626			At Home ...	123
Alms-houses, A Contrast in ...	232			Athens, Beyond ...	33
America				Barker, George: True Confessions of ...	251
(see United States of America)				Beginning, A ...	1021
American Abroad, The ...	847			Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch ...	668
Amery, Carl ...	682, 715			Birds of Aristophanes ...	1027
Anarchy, How to Live in ...	579			Birds of the British Isles ...	
Anderson, David ...	617, 639			Bismarck and the Hohenzollern Candidature for the Spanish Throne. The Documents in the German Diplomatic Archives ...	207
Anderson, Miles: Present-day Pioneer ...	366			Blitz, The ...	31
Andrews, Michael ...	105			Brancusi, Constantin ...	703
Antarctica:				Brighter than a Thousand Suns ...	1047
Sovereignty ...	685			Britain in Colour, Picture Book of ...	110
Uncovering its Secrets ...	485			Britain, Presenting ...	110
What the Scientists Are After ...	145, 247			British Economic Policy since the War ...	74
Apaches Go into Business, The ...	969			Broadcasting (Sound and Television) ...	745, 819
Appleton, Sir Edward ...	49, 83			'Buildings of Britain' series ...	11
Archaeology:				Burney, Fanny: The History of ...	413, 507
Buzzards and Barrows ...	278			Byron: a Biography ...	50
Dead Sea Scrolls ...	1007			Cabinet Government and War 1890-1940 ...	55
Hazor, Finds at ...	930			Chartist Challenge, The ...	78
Turkey, Discovery in ...	445			Churchills, The Later ...	106
Architecture:				Cinquefoil ...	3
American, 1857-1957: Exhibition ...	440			Clarke, Marcus ...	66
Architect on the Campus ...	14, 247			Claudel ...	51
King Ramiro's Churches ...	493			Colette ...	74
Rebuilding in the Two Japans ...	525, 739			Communism, Imre Nagy on ...	41
Victorian Architecture, In Defence of ...	313, 410, 507, 546			Conrad, Joseph: Achievement and Decline ...	16
Arctic, Girl Guides in the ...	191			Conrad, Joseph: and his Characters ...	21
Arlott, John ...	969			Cosimo Tura ...	106
Art:				Country Houses Open to the Public ...	11
Andrews, Michael ...	105, 162			County Clergy in Elizabethan and Stuart Times, The ...	86
Collecting Pictures on Modest Means ...	973			Crime, Causes of ...	86
'Costume Court' Exhibition ...	586			Criminal Area, The: a Study of Social Ecology ...	54
Etruscan Frescoes. Discovery at Tarquinia ...	806			Cruydrro Cymru ...	11
Etty, William ...	1024			Dali on Modern Art ...	70
French Art at the Royal Academy ...	70, 193			Dance and Magic Drama in Ceylon ...	51
Gauguin, Paul ...	373			Dartington Hall. The History of an Experiment ...	100
London Galleries, Round The ...	166, 206, 248, 327, 330, 370, 412, 508, 548, 626, 664, 742, 820, 903, 984, 1060			Darwin, Charles: Autobiography of ...	74
'Other Directed' Painters? ...	946			Darwin Reader, The ...	74
Prints and Engravings, On Collecting ...	361			Dead Sparrow, A ...	25
Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition ...	806			Death of the Last Republic. The Story of the Anglo-Boer War ...	60
Sacred Art Today, Renaissance of ...	808			Democracy in Western Germany ...	21
Van der Velde at National Maritime Museum ...	727			Dickinson, Emily: Letters of ...	98
Vegetarians, The ...	702			Digging Up Jericho ...	53
				Dobbs, Esquire, 1689-1765: Arthur ...	6
				Dual Site, The ...	2
				Earth We Live On, The ...	23
				Earth's Company ...	9
				Economic Analysis and Policy in Underdeveloped Countries ...	6
				Economic Theory and Underdeveloped Regions ...	6

Books Reviewed (contd.)

Page

Frederick II of Hohenstaufen	587
Gainsborough	859
Galileo, The Crime of	331
Gauguin	373
Georgian Afternoon	207
Georgian Oxford	870, 1049
Germany, Western: Democracy in	289
Ghana, The Akan of	1027
Gibbon, Pageant of	1027
Gibbon and Rome	665
Gloucestershire Studies	551
Golden Sections	34
Goldsmith, Oliver	627
Gorkha: The Story of the Gurkhas of Nepal	73
Gorky and Andreiev, Letters of	587
Granite and Rainbow	1025
Great Praises	169
Guides, Shell	116
Guinness Book of Poetry, The	1028
Harney, George Julian: Portrait of (The Chartist Challenge)	787
Hawk in the Rain, The	169
Heidegger, Martin	551
Hertzog, James Barry Munnik	667
History Begins at Sumer	745
History of the English-Speaking Peoples, Vol. IV: The Great Democracies	509
History on the Ground	290
Hitler's Youth	864
Homosexuality	469
I Saw for Myself	629
Idiom of the People, The	872, 904, 947, 983
Imre Nagy on Communism. In Defence of the New Course	415
Insect Migration	909
International Affairs, Survey of: 1939-1946. The Eve of War, 1939	459
Ireland, Pre-Famine: A Study in Historical Geography	209
Irish Folk Ways	120
James, Henry: and H. G. Wells. A Record of their Friendship, their Debate on the Art of Fiction, and their Quarrel	469
Japan and her Destiny	627, 663
Japan Between East and West	1067
Japan, The Poetry of Living	290
Japan's Economic Recovery	743
Journey into Chaos	629
Klee, A Study of his Life and Work	376
Kleiber, Erich	71
Knowledge, The Sociology of	705
Labour Government, The First: 1924	668
Land of the Musk-Ox, In the	787, 855, 947, 983
Last Paradise, The	590
Letherington, The History of	668
Letters of a Russian Traveller	950
Lieutenant in Algeria	375
Literary Biography	251
Literary Biography, Everyman's Dictionary of	459
Live and Let Live	469
Living City, The	116
London, Survey of: Vol. XXVII. Spitalfields and Mile End New Town	589, 625
Lonely Crowd, The	946
Lost Victories	985
Love, The Natural Philosophy of	589
Marches of El Dorado: British Guiana, Brazil, Venezuela	416
Mahler, Gustav	950
Man's Western Quest	865
Market of Seleukia	31
Meddlesome Friar, The	510
Medieval England: an Aerial Survey	466
Midland Peasant, The: The Economic and Social History of a Midland Village	746
Mikhailovsky and Russian Populism	413
Miss Howard and the Emperor	376
Mist Procession, The	861, 903
Molloy	1011
Monologue of a Deaf Man	629
Montaigne, The Complete Works of	459
Morea, The	1025
Mörke, Eduard	33, 111
Morisot, Berthe: Correspondence	951
Moscow-Peking Axis	210
Mountain World 1956-57, The	115
Mountaineering 1857-1957, A Century of	115
My Brother's Keeper	909
Nansen. A Family Portrait	415
Nature Reserves, Britain's	209
Nelson, Lord: A Portrait of	207
New Oxford History of Music, The: Vol. I. Ancient and Oriental Music	824
Nightingale, Florence: and The Doctors	823
Niki, the Story of a Dog	950
Norfolk	116
Northumberland	116
Nuclear Age, Defence in the	471
Octopus, Kingdom of the	71
Of My Early Life	73
Old People, The Family Life of: An Inquiry in East London	376
On The Continent. A Book of Inquiries	549
Operation Sea Lion	864
Outward Bound	115
Oxford Common Room	31, 111
Pakistan: A Political Study	289
Paris	123
Paris (Michelin Guide)	123
Paris à la Mode	123
Paris in Our Time	123
Paris in the Past	123
Paris Sketchbook	123
Pegacock's Tail, The	985
Penrose Annual, The	824
Persian Spring, A	33
Peterloo	465
Planet Earth, The	705
Planet Jupiter, The	509
Platero and I	987
Poems and Epigrams, Collected: by George Rostrevor Hamilton	1028

Books Reviewed (contd.)

Page

Poems, Collected: by Michael Roberts	629
Poems 1906 to 1926: Rainer Maria Rilke	210
Poetry of Living Japan, The	290
Politics and the Poet	167
Politics of Inequality, The	743
Portraits in Satire	911
Post Office in the Eighteenth Century, The	589
Post-War World, Pattern of the	290
Power and Diplomacy	872
Powys, John Cowper: Letters to Louis Wilkinson 1935-1956	863
Present Age from 1920, The	785
Pressure Groups, British: Their Role in Relation to the House of Commons	375
Principles and Persuasions	331
Public Baby, Memoirs of a	167
Quarrelling, Six Studies in	549
Question, The	865
Reading a Medal	33
Revolution, Child of the	415
Reynolds, Sir Joshua: a Personal Study	703
Reynolds, P. A.	459
Richard Cœur de Lion	629
Road to Mavelins, The: Life and Death of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria	867
Rome, A Traveller in	131
Rome and a Villa	131
Roosevelt, Theodore: and the Rise of America to World Power	187
Rotha on the Film	824, 855
Royal Albert Hall, The	867
Ruskin, John: The Diaries of	331
Russia Today, Inside	911
Russian Literature, Dictionary of	590
Russian Traveller, Letters of a	950
Russians in Ethiopia, The	1028
Sainte-Beuve, By Way of	665
Sanctity of Life, The: and the Criminal Law	465
Schlieffen Plan, The	909
Schnabel, Artur. A Biography	376, 410
Schreiner, Olive: Memories of	169
Schubert. A Critical Biography	785
Schubert. Memoirs by his Friends	785
Search of Good Sense, The: Four Eighteenth-Century Characters	413
Secret Diplomacy during the First World War, Studies in	34
Seven Years Solitary	823
Shakespeare, The Cult of	289
Shakespeare: A Portrait Restored	705
Shaping Spirit, The	703
Sicilian Vespers, The. A History of the Mediterranean World in the Late Thirteenth Century	461
Snotty: the Story of the Midshipman	32
Soondar Mooni	949
Spain, The Cathedrals of	128
Spencer, Robert, Earl of Sunderland	949
Spring in October	333
Stoll Built, The House that	207
Stone Angel and the Stone Man, The	333
Strachey, Lytton: his Mind and Art	587
Strange Islands, The	251
Succession, The	33
Sweeney, The	987
Tactius	863
Telford, Thomas	985
Tenants of the House	33
There Was a Young Man	785
They Saw it Happen, 1689-1897	552
Thomas, Dylan: Letters to Norman Watkins	71
Three Generations. Family Life in Russia, 1845-1902	71
Three Steps Forward	510
Three Steps to Victory	373
Thrones of Earth and Heaven, The	1077
Titoism	552
Travels in Switzerland	821
Treason Case, The	865
Triumphant Heretic, The	552
Turkestan Alive	667
Two Lovers in Rome	287
Unholy Alliance	416
Vaughan, Henry: The Works of	458
Victoria, Albert and Mrs. Stenenson	287
Victorian Eminence, A: The Life and Works of Henry Thomas Buckle	373
Victory, Three Steps to	373
Voice of Shem, The	909
Voltaire Historian	415
Wai-Wai	869
Wales, North: in Pictures	119
Wales, Royal	119
Water, Water Everywhere	124
Where London Ends	1052
Widows and Their Families	821
Wildflower, Tales of a	746
Windsor and Eton	116
Winter Talent, A: and other Poems	590
Words for the Wind (selected poems by Theodore Roethke)	116
Wordsworth's Cambridge Education	375
Years, W. B.: and Tradition	167
Yorkshire, Historic Homes of	287
Youth and Youth Groups	119
Yulengor: Nomads of Arnhem Land	416
Zen, The Way of	73
(see also Novels)	209

Boothroyd, J. B.

490

Bowen, Roderic

902

Bowles, Patrick

1011, 1035

Bradford, Jocelyn

970

Bradnum, Frederick

945

Briggs, Professor Asa

466, 479

Britain and Japanese Economic Policy

1043

Broadcasting in France	309
Brome, Vincent	1071
Brown, Douglas	150, 310
Brown, Ivor	37, 77, 135, 173, 213, 255, 293, 337, 379, 421, 473, 514, 555, 585, 593, 633, 671, 709, 749, 790, 827, 875, 915, 953, 991, 1031
Bruce, Neil	925
Brussels Exhibition	687, 761, 893
Bryden, Ronald	471
Buildings, Old: How to Record	489
Bull, George	1043, 1075
Bullock, Alan	349, 435
Burns, John	1003
Bury St. Edmunds	150
Butler, P. M.	237, 259
Buzzards and Barrows	278
Bwana Brenti, The Story of	404
CABINET-MAKERS, EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY	771
Cadett, Thomas	270, 309, 885, 923, 929
Calder, Ritchie	490
Campbell, David	584, 623, 1008
Canti, Christine	343, 383, 919, 959
Carner, Mosco	597
Carritt, Graham	81
Carroll, Lewis: Recollections of	198, 238
Cars: Sales in the U.S.A.	149
Carter, Professor C. F.	442, 479
Casalis, Jeanne de	259, 675
Castle in Toronto	685
Cauldwell, Frank	124, 139
Censorship, Hidden	801
Ceylon:	
After Ten Years of Independence	265
Rioting	926
Chapman, Kenneth F.	622, 639
Charleston, R. J.	61, 83
Charley, Vernon	149
Charlier, André	926
Cheesman, Evelyn	356, 612
Cheetah, Tame	728
Chemical Plant for Nuclear Power	1005
Chemist, A Sceptical	577, 663
Choices, Too Many	95, 151, 205, 247
Christian Commonwealth, The	977
Christian Philosophy, Is There a?	57, 162, 204
Christianity, The Outlook for	3
Christmas Day Broadcast, H.M. the Queen's	9
Church and England, The	935, 977, 1018, 1023, 1054
Church, Richard	96
Churches, King Ramiro's	493
Churches in Scotland, The	25
Cigarette Cards, Collecting	572
Civil Service, The: Interviewing Candidates	363
Clapham, John	557, 559
Clark, William	388
Cleaner Air and the Climate	1045
Clematis and Hydrangeas, Growing	371
Cleveland, John	769
Clocks, Old: Collecting	732
Clothes, Women's	1003

	Page		Page		Page
Clutton-Brock, Alan ...	166, 412, 664, 984	Day, A. C. L. ...	719, 755	Elephant, The: and the Midgets ...	271
Coal and Oil, The Future of ...	531	Dead Sea Scrolls, An Archaeologist and the ...	1007	Eliot, George ...	20
Coburn, Alvin Langdon ...	731, 755	Dean, Winton ...	257, 793, 795	Elliott, Ruth ...	559, 879
Cockshutt, H. J. B. ...	402	Debussy and Ravel, Reminiscences of ...	896	Elton, Sir Arthur ...	328, 343
Cohen Council: First Report of ...	441	Debussy, The Unknown ...	774, 819, 853, 904, 947	Elton, G. R. ...	863
Collecting		Defence in Scots Law, The Ethics of ...	498	English Scene, The ...	116
Antique Cabinets ...	771	Defence, The White Paper on ...	303, 369, 409	Enright, D. J. ...	58
Cigarette Cards ...	572	Dennis, Thomasin ...	816	Eskimo Girl Guides ...	191
Clocks, Old ...	732	Detergent Which will not Pollute Rivers, A ...	1006	Eskimo Looks at Our Culture, The ...	398
Firearms ...	275	Devons, Professor Ely ...	523, 559	Etruscan Frescoes: Discovery at Tarquinia ...	806
Glass ...	61	Dickins, Mary ...	479	Ettlinger, L. D. ...	193, 219
Model Soldiers ...	309	Dickinson, Patric ...	286	Etty, William ...	1024
Pewter ...	533	Disappearance of Town Place, The ...	1045	Euphemisms ...	157
Pictures ...	973	Dockers, Liverpool: Secret Speech ...	232	Europe, 1958: A Crucial Year ...	307
Porcelain, English ...	889	Dolmetsch, Arnold: The Achievement of ...	400	Europe, The Values of ...	11
Prints and Engravings ...	361	Donington, Robert ...	1073	European Free Trade Area ...	228
Railwayana ...	328	Douglas, Andrew ...	572	European Free Trade, Progress towards ...	48
Shells ...	530	Drama, Broadcast (Sound):		European Union, Imperial Preference versus ...	267
Stamps ...	622, 656, 694	Anna Christie ...	555	Europeans Abroad, The Task of ...	87
Coloured People in Britain ...	565	Arithmetic Test, The ...	79	Evans, F. E. ...	94
Colours, Regimental ...	970	Bigger Beggars ...	556	Evans, Lieut.-General Sir Geoffrey ...	304, 343
Common Sense, The Two Faces of ...	535	Birds, The ...	380	Exports, Why Britain Loses Orders for	486, 585, 699
Commonwealth Looks at Europe, The ...	50	Bridge, The ...	380		
Congo, A Naturalist in the ...	101, 153	Caleb Williams ...	293		
Consumers Revolt ...	805	Cards with Uncle Tom ...	827		
Contributors, Notes on ...	43, 83, 139, 179, 219, 259, 299, 343, 383, 427, 479, 519, 559, 599, 639, 675, 715, 755, 795, 831, 879, 919, 959, 995, 1035	Chaud et Froid ...	475		
Cooke, Alistair ...	226, 259, 847, 1014	Christophe ...	136		
Cooking, French ...	270	Clerk's Story, The ...	213		
Cooper, Douglas ...	372	Corruption in the Palace of Justice ...	37		
Cooper, Lettice ...	788, 795, 912	Cymbeline ...	875		
Cooper, Martin ...	637, 639	Dangerous Word ...	475		
Cope, Edward Drinker ...	237	Danish Tragedy, The ...	380		
Corbett, J. P. ...	55, 83	Danton ...	671		
Corke, Hilary ...	74, 170, 252, 334, 419, 471, 512, 569, 630, 706, 872, 947	Death of Pilate, The ...	749		
Coventry: Test-case of Planning ...	653, 699, 783, 853, 904, 947, 983	Dock Brief, The ...	514		
Cow as a Ballerina, The ...	841	Drunk Sailor, The ...	876		
Coxhead, Elizabeth ...	650	Flight of Fancy, A ...	77		
Cradock, Phyllis ...	879	Frost at Midnight ...	635		
Cragg, Professor J. B. ...	575, 599	Game of Love and Death, The ...	916		
Cranston, Maurice ...	461	Guilty and the Innocent, The ...	213		
Critic on the Hearth ...	36, 76, 134, 172, 212, 254, 292, 336, 378, 420, 472, 513, 554, 592, 632, 670, 708, 748, 788, 826, 874, 914, 952, 990, 1030, 1070	Hedda Gabler ...	790		
Crosswords ...	43, 83, 139, 179, 219, 259, 299, 343, 383, 427, 479, 519, 559, 599, 639, 675, 715, 755, 795, 831, 879, 919, 959, 995, 1035, 1075	Hippolytus ...	671		
Cudworth, Charles ...	297	Hour of the Rat ...	992		
Curtis, Anthony ...	36, 76, 134, 172, 212, 254, 292, 337, 378, 420, 472, 513, 554, 592, 632, 670, 708, 748, 790, 826, 874, 914, 952, 990, 1031, 1070	I Talk to Myself ...	711, 739, 784		
Cyprus:		Ivanov ...	380		
Desperate Mood in Athens, A ...	1039	Kind of Immortality, A ...	255		
Last Chance for? ...	925	King John ...	751		
DAGGER, CLOAKING THE ...	157, 286	Mademoiselle Jaire ...	295		
Dale, Kathleen ...	1033	Maigret and the Lost Life ...	79		
Dance, S. P. ...	530	Masque of Falsehood, The ...	1031		
Danckwerts, Professor P. V. ...	1005, 1035	Merchant of Venice, The ...	175		
Dane, Clemence ...	538, 559	Nothing ...	915		
Daniel, Admiral Sir Charles ...	303, 343	Ocean, The ...	751		
Daniel, Glyn ...	359, 383	Pantagruel ...	515		

	Page		Page		Page
Gaugin, Paul	372	History, Models in	233	JACKSON, R. M.	103, 139
Gaulle, General de	883, 923	Hodgson, Rose Marie	63	Jacobs, Arthur	504, 519, 611, 1046
Gee, Kenneth	740	Holland:		James, Andrew	13, 740
Gellner, Ernest	579, 599	Keeping Out the Sea	930	James, Walter	767, 795
Genealogising, Amateur	611	State Visit	488, 545	Japan:	
Gentian, An Autumn Flowering	740	Travel in	127	After the Elections	886
Germany:		Wrecks of Ships in Drained Land	99	Britain's Pact with	1043
Between East and West	347	Holmes, David	93, 489	Rebuilding	525, 739, 783
East Germany, Problem of	799	Holt, Arthur	902	'Jaykay'	259
Travel in	124	Hong Kong, The Fantastic Transforma-		Jenkins, Rev. Professor Daniel	691, 715
What is Wrong?	682	tion of	229	Jewell, Peter	278, 299
Gerrish, Ewart	694, 715	Honours:		Johnson, Professor Harry	47, 83
Gibbs-Smith, Charles	689, 715	Birthday	1001	Johnson-Marshall, Percy	653, 675
Gibson, Enid	53	New Year	51	Joll, James	348, 432
Girl Guides in the Arctic	191	Hooper, Barbara	439, 649	Jones, David	843, 879
Glass, Collecting	61	Hopper, Florence	54	Jones, Ivor	841
Gloucester Cathedral, New Lighting for	765	Horton, D. C.	19, 43, 106, 158, 243	Jones, Rev. R. A.	489
Goddard, Scott	217, 597, 637, 673	Hoskins, W. G.	466, 479, 489	Jucker, Ninetta	185, 219
Goddard, Air Marshal Sir Victor	887, 919	Hough, Graham	444, 1008		
Goldring, Mary	269	Housewife, Suggestions for the:		KELL, RICHARD	60
Goodhart, Professor A. L.	723, 755	Bacon Cutlets	343	Keller, Hans	341, 957
Goodrich, James	766, 889	Belgian Eggs	959	Kelting, E. L.	529
Government on the Inner Circle	523	Bread Cornets	1035	Kennedy, Professor Alexander	277, 299
Gowing, Professor Lawrence	859	Cabbage, Five Ways to Cook	599	Kermode, Frank	17, 43
Grandfather Retired, When	572	Cakes, A Book of	299	Kew Gardens, Winter in	439
Gransden, K. W. 136, 175, 215, 256, 286,		Cannellon of Cold Meat	259	Killip, Kathleen	10, 805
295, 327, 339, 380, 410, 423, 453, 475,		Ceiling, Cleaning a	995	King, A. Hyatt	829
515, 556, 595, 635, 672, 711, 751, 791,		Celery Hearts and Ham	675	King, Francis	536
828, 876, 916, 955, 992, 1032, 1072		Coconut Ice, Uncooked	43	King Orry	10
Great Divide, The:		Coffee, Making Good	299	King Saud, A Palace for	650
Agreement, Possibilities for	431	Crêpe Suzette	383	Kirkup, James	128
Germany, The Problem of	347	Curry, Indian	219	Kirwan, L. P.	145, 179
Middle East and Asia	387	Family Cookery Book	259	Kitson, Michael	70, 83
Greece:		Floorings	559, 639		
Desperate Mood in Athens	1039	Frost, Precautions against	343	LACLAVERÈ, GEORGES	485, 519
Holidays in	123	Glasspapering Made Easier	919	Lambs, 'Sock'	439
Greenwood, Julia	93	House Plants, Watering	83	Landon, H. C. Robbins	753, 755
Gregson, James R.	650	Indiarubber Plants	831	Laos, Lighter Side in	1004
Grey, Beryl	269	Marmalade, Jelly	299	Latin America, Anti-U.S. Feeling in	838
Guerrero, Hon. Léon Maria 263, 299, 305, 352		Meat, How to Choose	427	Laver, James	1003
Guest, A. G.	271, 299	Menus, Simple 139, 343, 383, 479, 559, 599, 675,	831, 879, 919, 995	Law in Action:	
Guillemot, The: in Evolution	195	Molequela Pudimpa	259	Elephant and the Midgets	271
Gulls, Too Many	440, 507	Oyster and Mussel Canapés	219	Malice and the Gas-meter	103
Guthrie, Tyrone	615, 639	Painting Problems	43	Negligence and the Careful Master	613
		Pastry-making, An Introduction to	179	Selling Your Car and Keeping Your Word	811, 853
HADLEY, GUY	355	Plaster Walls, Decorating	959	Servant on the Bicycle	402, 453, 545
Hale, John	320, 343	Priming Paint, A New	259	Telephone Tapping	971
Hamilton, Iain	381, 713, 715	Rugs, Non-Skid	259	Law, Scots: Ethics of Defence	498
Hamson, Professor C. J.	613, 639	Salads, Gayer Green	879	Lawrence, Anthony	1004
Handbills, History in	94	Soups for the Summer	1075	Lawrence, T. E.	937, 983
Harding, Field-Marshal Lord	1041	Spring Cleaning, Planning	519	Leach, E. R.	265, 299, 926, 959
Hardy, Ann	179, 383	Stains, Orange-Juice	299	Leading Articles:	
Harris, R. J. C.	608, 639	Stains, Wine and Wax	83	American English	968
Hart, Professor H. L. A.	89, 139	Strawberries, Serving Fresh	1035	American Visitors in Britain	840
Hartley, D. L.	395	Toffee, Crunchy	43	Archaeology	268
Harwich, Christopher	624, 657, 675, 734	Tomatoes, Stuffed	1075	Art and History	52
Hastings, Major Lewis	728	Unexpected Visitors, For	959	Books, Spring	438, 507
Hatch, Ethel	198	Vases, Glass: Cleaning	919	Brussels Exhibition	648
Hawley, Marjorie	728	Wallpaper, Patching	959	Covent Garden 1858-1958	804
Hazor, Excavations at	930	Wallpaper, Removing Grease from	479	Cricket Again	726
Henderson, Philip	867, 879	Woollens and Furs, Storing	639	Education, Aims in	928
Heseltine, Nigel	273	Howarth, Jeanette	192	Government, Forms of	394
Hewett, Osbert Wyndham	155, 179	Howarth, Thomas	14, 43	Happiness Within, The	684
Hill, Brian	740, 1010	Hudson, Derek	39, 79	History, Why?	230
Hillaby, John	101, 139, 153	Hudson, G. F.	432	Holland, State Visit to	488, 545
Hinton, R. W. K.	233, 259	Human Body, Spare Parts for the?	608	Italian President's Visit	764
Historical Imagination 354, 357, 409, 507, 546		Hungary, Soviet Influence in	645	New Year, The	8
		Hurst, Alec	727	Oxford and Cambridge	1002
		Hussey, Dyncley 41, 81, 137, 177, 217,		Parkinson's Law	888
		257, 286, 297, 327, 341, 381, 425, 477,		'Provinces', In Defence of the	1044
		517, 557, 713, 753, 793, 829, 877, 917,		Railways, Romance of	308
		957, 993, 1033, 1073		Roosevelt, Theodore	190
		Hutterites in Canada	841	Salesmanship	148
				Spring Fancy	528
		IBN KHALDUN	651	Style, Concerning	610
		Indonesia, The Dutch and	5	Sympathy, Plea for	354
		Industry and the Inventor	759	Taking Stock	570
		Inventor, Industry and the	759	Travel Books	92
		Iraq: Planning for Prosperity	721	Lebanon: Anti-Government Riots	837
		Isle of Man	10, 805	Legal Aid and Advice Act	1001, 1063
		Isles, The Western	396		
		Italy:			
		Etruscan Frescoes: Discovery at Tarquinia	806		
		Holidays	131		
		Po Delta	185		
		Quest for Italy	895		
		Strikes	611		
		Ivelaw-Chapman, Air Chief Marshal Sir			
		Ronald	350, 390, 433		

	Page
Legum, Colin	722, 755
'Leon'	479
Leonard, F. S.	542
Letters to the Editor:	
American Education	451, 545
Antarctica: What the Scientists are After	247
Architect on the Campus	327, 370
Art Galleries, Round the London	325, 370, 409
Asian on Asia, An	853, 904
Barbellion, W. P. N.	247
B.B.C. Orchestras	507
Books, Spring	546
Brian, Haverall: The Music of	819
Broadcasting (Sound and Television)	27, 67, 162, 205, 247
'Bulge', Shadow of the	855
Burney, Fanny: The History of	853
Cant	507
Car Selling Your: and Keeping Your Word	29
Ceylon: the Happy Island	663
Chemist, A Sceptical	205, 247
Choices, Too Many	162, 204
Christian Philosophy, Is There a?	1023
Church and England, The	286
Comic Papers of the Last 100 Years	29, 69, 109
Conrad, Joseph	699, 783, 853, 904, 947, 983
Coventry: Test Case of Planning	286
Dagger, Cloaking the	819, 853, 904, 947
Debussy, The Unknown	369, 409
Defence, The White Paper on	29, 69, 163
Divorce, Religious Justification of	1063
Dunkirk	983, 1023, 1063
Educators: Must They Have an Aim?	585, 699
Exports, Why Britain Loses Orders for	661, 739
Falkland Islands	286
Falkland, Robert J.	784
Flying, The Annus Mirabilis of	69, 111
Forster, E. M.: as a Symbolist	507, 546, 625
Fowler, H. W.	819
Free Trade Area, Salvaging the	109
Greek Architecture	507
Gulls, Too Many	109
Harington Family, The	409, 507, 546
Historical Imagination	545
Holland, State Visit to	904, 947, 983
Idiom of the People	286, 327, 370, 410
Iliad, The	947, 983, 1023
Italian, Pronouncing	739, 784
Ivanov	663
Japan and her Destiny	739, 783
Japan: Rebuilding	855, 947, 983
Land of the Musk-Ox, In the	162, 204, 245, 285
Language, A Special	983
Lawrence, T. E.	1063
Legal Aid and Advice Act, The	327
Listener, The	585
'Live Happy Ever Laughter'	625
London, Survey of	699, 783, 819, 855, 947
London's Changing Skyline	1064
Mare, Walter de la	585
Marriage, Anglo-American: Advantages of	29
Meet, Drink, and Be Airy	370
Memory, Aids to	784
Meredith, George: Photographing	903
Mist Procession, The	111
Môrike, Eduard	1023, 1064
Moscow Art Theatre, The	67, 163
Music and the Third Programme	1064
New York, Frustrations of Arriving in	29, 69
Noise, Loud: Working in	203
Nuclear Arms, Should Britain Abandon?	245, 285, 369, 451, 505, 545, 625, 661
Oxford Common Room	111
Oxford's Buildings, Restoring	163
Po Delta, Bringing New Life to the	247
Poland, Disillusionment in	107
'Portrait of George Gissing'	69, 109
Preventive Medicine and New Plagues	903
Queens of Song	286, 327
Radio Drama	29, 67, 111, 163, 205, 247, 286, 325, 739, 784
Railways: Will They Ever Pay?	1022
Rotha on the Film	855
Rothermere, Lord	904
Ruling Passion, The	661
Salesman, The Faith of a	203, 245, 285
Satellite Countries, Soviet Influence in the	661
Schnabel, Artur	410
Science, The Limits of	1063
Science, What is the Right Attitude to?	107
Servant on the Bicycle	453, 545
Shakespeare's Birthday	700
Somerville, Edith	947
Spoken Word, The	410, 453
Stage Architecture	661, 700, 739
Syngé, John M.	546
Trade Union Officers: For Love or Money?	410
Two Worlds at Once	546
Victorian Architecture, In Defence of	410, 507, 546
'War's Annals'	585
World and the Observer, The	285, 325, 370, 410, 451, 505

Lewis, Professor Bernard	387
Leys, Colin	965, 995

Literature and Authors:	
Barbellion, W. P. N.	807, 853, 904
Baudelaire	284
Beckett, Samuel	1011
Carroll, Lewis	198, 238
Cleveland, John	769
Early Morning Writer	231
Eliot, George	20
Forster, E. M.	17, 69
French Literature, The New Realism in	849
Meredith, George	731, 784
Miller, Henry	1021

Literature and Authors (contd.)	
Morgan, Charles	538
Somerville, Edith	845, 947
Tocqueville, Alexis de	891
Walpole, Hugh	1013
Litvinoff, Emanuel	573, 599
Liverpool Dockers, The Secret Speech of	232
Lloyd, H. Alan	732, 755
Loban, Roma	219
Lockspeiser, Edward	917
London's Changing Skyline	649, 699, 783, 819, 855, 947
Longuet-Higgins, Professor H. C.	1047, 1075
Lovell, Professor A. C. B.	97, 139
Lowe, John	771, 795
Lowe, Robson	656, 675
Lowlights of 1957	63

MALICE AND THE GAS-METER	103
Manchester, By Air from	192
Mangle, The	650
Mannes, Marya	59, 83, 496, 519, 801, 831, 893, 919
Marie-Jeanne	1075
Marriage, Anglo-American: Advantages of	496
Marris, Robin	392, 427
Marsh, Othniel Charles	237
Marshall, N. B.	316, 343
Martin, R. J.	395
Maude, Angus	157, 179, 567, 599
Mauny, Erik de	803, 887, 1039
Mead, Philip	969
Meade, Professor James	443, 479
Medicine, Preventive: and the New	838, 903
Plagues	445, 479
Mellaart, James	877
Mellers, Wilfrid	363
Melvin, Harold	320, 370
Memory, Aids to	12, 43
Mendelssohn, Kurt	895, 919
Meneghello, Luigi	731, 784
Meredith, George: Photographing	343, 879
'Meringue'	533, 559
Michaelis, Ronald F.	387
Middle East and Asia: Great Divide be-	967
tween East and West	348, 799, 831
Middle East and the Decay of Islam, The	896
Midgley, John	50, 83
Milhaud, Darius	1021
Miller, Professor Bruce	685
Miller, Henry, The Hilarity of	612
Milner, Donald	
Mind Over Matter	

Miscellaneous Paragraphs:	
Added Parliament of 1614, The	487
Adult Education Groups and Audio-Visual Tech-	1043
niques	16
American Education in the Twentieth Century	16
Analytical Psychology, New Developments in	917
Annual Register of World Events, 1957, The	56
Antiquity—editorship (Dr. Glyn Daniel)	984
Art Books, Recent	244, 730, 768
B.B.C. Engineering Monographs	655
B.B.C., The Story of the	248
Blake, William: Works in the Tate Gallery	120
Border Counties, The	16
Bossuet to Newman, From: the Idea of Doctrinal	18
Development	637
Branch Lines	502
British Contemporary Music: Cheltenham Festival	546
Brothers Karamazov	16
Cash, J. Allan: Photographic Exhibition	16
Central Administration in Britain	16
Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin: the War They Waged	16
and the Peace They Sought	735
Clare Hall, Cambridge, Life in: 1658-1713	1043
Commonwealth Universities Yearbook, The	831
Cookery without a Kitchen	

Miscellaneous Paragraphs (contd.)	
Covent Garden Centenary	829
Denmark (archaeology)	132
Denmark, The Young Traveller in	132
Disarmament and the United Nations: An Un-	351
remitting Effort	127
Dutch Theme, Variations on a	127
Dutch Treat	21
Embassy of Sir William White at Constantinople,	457
1886-1891, The	197
Encounter	1006
English Peasant Farming: the Agrarian History of	1043
Lincolnshire from Tudor to Recent Times	259
Europe, In the Service of	18
Everyman's Encyclopaedia	938
Family Cookery Book	197
Fire Service, British: A History of	372
France, North-Western: Blue Guide	353
Gardening, Town: Successful	351
Gauguin	494
Geographical Magazine, The	1048
Government, The Tasks of	1020
Greek Myths	127
Hakluyt, Richard: Voyages and Documents	616
Handwriting: A National Survey	120
Holland, A Fortnight in	21
Inflation, Fighting	132
Ireland in Colour	1020
Irish Families: Their Names, Arms, and Origins	119
Italy: Hôtels, Restaurants, Principales Curiosités	959
(Michelin Guide)	119
Jupiter Recordings	127
Lakes, Enjoying The	609
Learning to Cook	850
Let's Halt Awhile	980
Low Countries, The	546
Man and Time: Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks	128
Migration, International Economics of	1048
Music and Musicians, The Concise Encyclopaedia	609
of	132
Nato and the Citizen	315
Navarre: the Flea between Two Monkeys	688
New Zealand, They Came to	131
New Zealand, This	957
N5 Plays, Five Modern	609
Norway Invites	120
Not Guilty	119
Overcome Arthritis	850
Portugal	906
Promenade Concerts, Henry Wood	274
Psychology and Religion: West and East	383
Quiet Land, In a	120
Quiet Places, The	119
Radio, Economic Development of	850
Roses	906
Russia, the Atom, and the West (1957 Reith	274
Lectures)	383
Russian Cookery, The Home Book of	120
Scotland	1006
Sociology, Dictionary of	21
Soldier in the West: the Civil War Letters of	119
Alfred Lacey Hough	938
Somerset and Dorset Essays	850
Spain, Northern: Blue Guide	21
Stability and Progress in the World Economy	980
Stancioff, Dimitri: Patriot and Cosmopolitan 1864-	609
1940	128
Surnames, British, A Dictionary of	927
Ta Tung Shu: The One-World Philosophy of	725
K'ang Yu-Wei	850
Tarragona, A Train to	120
Technical Education and Careers in Industry, Year	128
Book of	21
Ten Steps Forward	128
Theory and History	18
Timeless Shores, On	1058
Toledo	850
Tomkins, Thomas	304
Tomorrow is Mañana	321
Top-Link Locomotives	16
Tranquil Gardener, The	609
Variation and Heredity	119
Victory at Sea, 1939-1945	
Western World, The	
White and the Gold: the French Regime in Canada	
Wisdom of Balahvar: a Christian Legend of the	
Buddha	
Yorkshire, Picture Book of	

Mitchell, Donald	177, 673, 993
Moffett, Noel	525
Momolo, The Legend of	158
Morecambs, A Memory of	395
Morgan, Charles	538
Morton, Rev. T. Ralph	25, 43
Moscow Art Theatre	933, 1009, 1023, 1064
Moscow Synagogue, Visit to a	573
Mostyn, J. P.	919, 959, 995
Mountford, Charles	766
Muir, Edwin	120, 152, 244
Mural, Fifteenth-century: at Wyken	53
'Murder in the Cathedral' as an Opera	504
Murphy, Richard	120, 132, 139

Music:	
Brian, Haverall	477, 546
Britten	341, 1046
Critic on the Hearth	39, 79, 136, 175, 215,
256, 295, 339, 380, 423, 475, 515, 556, 595,	
635, 672, 711, 751, 791, 828, 876, 916, 955,	
992, 1032, 1072	

Music (contd.)	Page	Novels Reviewed (contd.)	Page	Poems (contd.)	Page
Czech Chamber Music	557	<i>On the Road</i>	912	Mute, The	164
Debussy	774, 819, 853, 896, 904, 947	<i>Price of Diamonds, The</i>	74	Nonchalant the Hunt	497
Delius	177, 993	<i>Pride of Relations, A</i>	988	Norwich Revisited	945
Dolmetsch, Arnold	400	<i>Reapers of the Storm</i>	788	Passion of Lord Jesus Christ, The	569
Folk Music	1073	<i>Return of Ansel Gibbs, The</i>	988	Penelope in Doubt	152
Gluck	917	<i>Scent of New-mown Hay, A</i>	630	Poem in the Pencil, The	13
Handel	257, 297	<i>Siege of Aunt Estelle, The</i>	419	Potter and the Evil Spirit, The	943
Haydn	753	<i>Special Friendships</i>	988	Prisoner, The	740
Holmboe, Vagn	81	<i>Sugar for the Horse</i>	170	Qu'importe comment s'appelle	104
Kodály	517	<i>Sun Trap</i>	912	Relationship, The	652
Martin, Frank	713	<i>Things Fall Apart</i>	1068	River Scene in October	899
Martini	425	<i>Visit from Venus, A</i>	630	Rower, The	471
Mozart	829	<i>World of Strangers, A</i>	988	Second Time, The	536
Pizzetti	504	<i>Young People</i>	512	Sick Caliban	244
Poulenc	137	(see also Short Stories Reviewed)		Song for a Wren	623
Prokofiev	637	'Noye's Fludde'	1046	This Wind	1008
Puccini	597	Nuclear Arms, Should Britain Abandon?		To the Farmer	740
Rameau	877	90, 203, 245, 285, 369, 451, 505,		Tribune's Visitation, The	843
Ravel	896	545, 625, 661		Tribute to Denton Welch	317
Rore, Cipriano de	41	Nuclear Power, Chemical Plant for ...	1005	Wine for Winter	272
Smyth, Ethel	1033	Nuffield College, Oxford	1003	Winter Poem	740
Strauss, Richard	673	Nyholm, Professor R. S.	729, 755	Winter's End	740
Tippett	217	OCEANS, MAN AND THE	316		
Verdi	793	O'Faoláin, Seán	282, 299		
Wagner	957	Ogilvie, Vivian	53		
Webern	381	Oxford in Politics	1049		
Music Hall, A Way of Saving	889	Oxford's Buildings, Restoring ...	93, 163, 841		
Music of Time, The	583	PAPAL AUDIENCE	571		
Mycock, Bertram	436, 1006	Paris:			
Myers, Rollo	774, 795, 853, 947	Books on	123		
		Eccentricity in	929		
MACARTNEY, C. A.	867	Parish 'Briefs'	489		
McCulloch, Rev. Joseph	935, 959	Parkin, Leonard	571, 686, 1040		
McDermid, Angus	231	Parkinson, C. Northcote	898, 919		
MacIntyre, A. C.	1054, 1075	Parkinson, Stephen	836, 879		
MacKay, D. M.	606, 639	Parkinson, Professor Thomas ...	1021, 1035		
Maclay, Rt. Hon. John	781	Parkinson's Law	888, 898		
Macmillan, Rt. Hon. Harold	66	Party Political Broadcasts	66, 779, 902		
		Patrick, Michael	440		
NABOKOV, NICOLAS	933, 1009	Penning-Rowell, Edmund	715, 755		
Names in New Guinea	356	Perry, Frances	83, 831		
Neal, W. Keith	275, 299	Peters, Richard	931, 959, 975, 983		
Nerval, Gérard de	740, 1010	'Peto'	715		
New Guinea, Names in	356	Pevsner, Nikolaus	493, 519		
New Year Gifts for a Queen	53	Pewter, Collecting	533		
New York:		Physics, Counter-revolution in ...	606		
Black and White in	59	Picture Features:			
Frustrations on Arriving in	1014, 1064	Christmas Holiday Entertainments ...	22		
News Diary 22, 64, 112, 160, 200, 240,		Photographs of the Week 64, 112, 160, 200, 240,			
280, 322, 364, 406, 454, 500, 540, 580,		280, 322, 364, 406, 454, 500, 540, 580, 620,			
620, 658, 696, 736, 776, 814, 856, 900,		658, 696, 736, 776, 814, 856, 900, 940, 978,			
940, 978, 1016, 1056		1016, 1056			
Newton, Eric	742, 806	Pictures on Modest Means, Collecting ...	973		
Niagara, Floodlighting	612	Pilkington, Sir Harry	48, 83		
Nicholas, H. G.	187, 219, 643, 675	Pilson, Irene	1035		
Nicholson, Norman	1051, 1075	'Pipeg'	139, 599, 1075		
Nicolson, Sir Harold	11, 619, 639	Piper, David	395		
Nicolson, Nigel	90, 139	'Pirates of Penzance': First Performance	53		
Noble, Jeremy	41	Planetarium, London's	571		
Norfolk, Cheating the Sea in	310	Plomer, William	459, 865, 939, 959		
'Notlaw'	995	Plymouth, Rebuilding	191		
Novels Reviewed:		Po Delta: Bringing New Life to the	185, 247		
<i>After the Rain</i>	252	Poems:			
<i>Asphalt Playground, The</i>	788	Around the World in Ninety Minutes ...	132		
<i>At Lady Molly's</i>	583	Boat Song	848		
<i>Balthazar</i>	630	Bread and the Stars	447		
<i>Claudine in Paris</i>	252	Breaking Point, The	319		
<i>Come With Me to Macedonia</i>	334	Diana and Actaeon	444		
<i>Contenders, The</i>	512	Early Incident, An	96		
<i>Demian</i>	912	East, West	58		
<i>Devil's Marchioness, The</i>	170	Encounter in a Reading Room	60		
<i>Director, The</i>	912	Epitaph	1010		
<i>Dream of the Red Chamber, The</i>	706	Escape Route, The	848		
<i>Engaged in Writing</i>	334	For One's Dead Friends	164		
<i>Flame in my Heart, A</i>	1068	Fossil, The	1008		
<i>Flight to Afar</i>	706	Hand of Buddha, The	692		
<i>Future to Let</i>	706	Hear the Bird of Day	584		
<i>Gilberte Regained</i>	74	In Memory of Dylan Thomas	234		
<i>Giovanni's Room</i>	419	In Time	286		
<i>Homecoming Game, The</i>	630	Junk Shop Nude	586		
<i>I Like it Here</i>	170				
<i>Julio Jurelito</i>	419				
<i>Juryman, The</i>	170				
<i>Last Tales (by 'Isak Dinensen')</i>	74				
<i>Little Brother Fate</i>	512				
<i>Malefactor, The</i>	706				
<i>Man on the Rock, The</i>	252				
<i>Miscreant, The</i>	419				
<i>Naked Sun, The</i>	334				
<i>Obsession of Emmet Booth, The</i>	252				

	Page		Page		Page
Ross, C. R.	441, 479	Smith, Dwight	164	Television Broadcasting:	
Roth, Andrew	927, 959	Smith, Professor J. C.	465, 479	'Act of Living'	135
Rothermere, Lord	851, 904	Smith, John	899	'Adventures in Siberia'	36
Rouse, Clive E.	53	Smith, Patrick	571, 611, 650, 806	'Age of Innocence, The'	379
Royal Academy: French Art	70	Smith, Phyllis Barclay	649	'Amphitryon 38'	420
Rufford, Shakespeare at?	93	Smith, Professor T. B.	498, 519	'And Her Romeo'	1031
Rugs, Finnish: Exhibition of	489	Smyth, Canon Charles	977, 995	'And No Birds Sing'	827
Ruling Passion, The	567, 661	Snapshot War	359	'Angel Pavement'	37
Rumania, Soviet Influence in	645	Social Legislation in 1957, The Temper of	48	'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?'	36
Rupp, Professor Gordon	448, 479, 495	Socialism in One Country	392, 491	'Any Other Business'	875
Russell, Bertrand	223, 451	Soldiers, Model: Collecting	309	'As Far as the Flagstaff'	709
Russell, John	284	Solomon Islands, Tales of the	19, 106, 158, 243	'Ascent of Annapurna IV'	789
Russia		Somerville, Edith	845, 947	'Asian Club'	708
(see Union of Soviet Socialist Republics)		Soper, Tom	646, 675	'Atom Men, The'	632
Ryan, Margaret	831, 959, 1035	Southern, H. N.	195, 219	'Auto Biography'	708
SACRED ART TODAY, RENAISSANCE OF	808	Sovereigns by the Million	395	'Back in the 'Thirties'	76
Sahara, Travelling in the	273	Space Age, The New	49	'Background'	592
St. Paul's Cathedral, Restoring	231	Spain:		'Be Soon'	135
Salesman, The Faith of a	146, 203, 245, 285	Holidays in	127	'Behind the Headlines'	254
'Sam'	427, 1035	King Ramiro's Churches	493	'Benny Hill Show, The'	421
Sargent, J. R.	6, 43, 963, 995	Sparrow, John	1049, 1075	'Berlin, Irving'	826
Satellite Countries, Soviet Influence in the	605, 645, 661, 681	Spring Books	438, 457	'Billy Cotton Band Show'	915
Saturday Night in the North	440	Spring Comes to the Moors	529	'Biography'	1070
Saud, King: Palace for	650	Sprott, Professor W. J. H.	469, 869	'Birthday Party, The'	213
Scandinavia, Holidays in	132	Stamps, Collecting	622, 656, 694	'Black Furrow'	472
Schizophrenia, The Unsolved Problem of	277	Stanley, Africans Who Remember	356	'Body of a Girl, The'	749
Science:		Stanley, Richard	356	'Brains Trust'	36, 420
Atomic: the Human Story	1047	Sterling Area	6	'Brainwashing'	990
Attitude to	12, 107	Stevenson, Noel	396	'Brittle Bond, The'	1070
Chemical Plant for Nuclear Power	1005	Stewart, J. I. M.	231	'Bronowski, Dr. J.'	420
Force, Messengers of	813	Stockton, R. H.	355	'Buried Treasure'	292
Freezing and Drying of Living Tissues	608	Stokes, Sewell	851, 879, 1013	'Caine Mutiny Court-Martial, The'	953
Limits of, The	999, 1063	Stollery, J. L.	10	'Captain Moonlight'	677
Physics, Counter-revolution in	606	Stone Carvings at Oxford, Restoring	841	'Captain of Koepenick, The'	172
Preventive Medicine and the New Plagues	838	Stone, Jonathan	944	'Carry on, Admiral'	915
Radio Astronomy and the Modern Universe	97	Stork, The White	649	'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof'	254
Sceptical Chemist, A	577, 663	Strang, Lord	347, 390, 433	'Caxton's Tales'	379, 473
Space Age, The New	49	Strawson, P. F.	465, 479	'Challenge, The'	134
Zeta, Harwell Experiments with	188	Streeter, F. H.	163, 371, 585, 660, 740, 906, 982, 1058	'Cherry Orchard, The'	77
Scotland:		Stretton, Mrs. H. T.	239	'Circle of Chalk, The'	472
Churches in	25	Stuart, Douglas	837, 967	'Clandestine Marriage, The'	513
Nooks of	120	'Subtopia', America versus	235	'Comedy on a Bridge'	379
Royal Academy of Scottish Art	806	Suburbs, Making the Most of	691	'Coming of Man, The'	914
Scott, Richard	471, 479	Sumarno, Djoko	5	'Common Room, The'	670, 749, 991
Sedgwick, Romney	870	Summer Books	859	'Como, Perry'	875
Serpell, Christopher	318, 440, 487, 529, 545, 685, 1004, 1046	Summers, Hal	104, 848	'Corn is Green, The'	421
Service Pay and Allowances	304	Sunday, Victorian	684, 693	'Crossing of the Antarctic, The'	874
Seton-Watson, Professor Hugh	681, 715	Superstitions, Country	539, 585	'Dance'	293
Seyler, Athene	76	Swallow Project	887	'Dark is Light Enough, The'	212
Seymour, John	366, 383, 404, 499, 930	Sweet-Escott, Bickham	388	'Davy Jones' Clock'	593
Shark People, The	243	Sykes, Rev. Norman	1018, 1035	'Death Minus One'	1071
Shaw, Frank	232	Sylvester, David	105, 162, 204, 245, 285, 702, 820, 1060	'Death of Adolf Hitler, The'	874
Shawyer, Mrs. E. G.	239	Syrett, Iris	219	'Design for Murder'	514
Sheffield, Skills of	944	TABLEWARE AND ITS CITY	944	'Desk Set, The'	953
Shells, Collecting	530	Tanton, John	191	'Devil as a Roaring Lion, The'	749
Shetland, Birds of	617	'Tats'	519	'Dinah Shore Show, The'	593
Shipping Cargo: The World's Idle	436	Taylor, Basil	235, 259	'Distaff Side, The'	173
Ships under the Plough	99	Teeling, William	229, 259	'Dixon of Dock Green'	173, 293
Shonfield, Andrew	143, 179, 183, 228, 267, 307, 388	Tegner, Henry	686	'Drake's Progress'	633
Short Stories Reviewed:		Telephone Directory, New Type for the	396	'Duty Bound'	875
English Short Stories of Today	788	Telephone Tapping: Law and Practice	971	'Early to Braden'	593
Exile and the Kingdom	788			'Eden End'	632
From Many Countries	334			'Epic Battles'	292, 554, 789
Lady and the Cut-throat, The	788			'Eye on Research'	172, 293
O'Faolain, Sean: Stories of	788			'Eye to Eye'	378, 554, 632, 670
Siegfried, André	397, 427			'Facts and Figures'	212
Siggurdsson, Johann	686			'Father, The'	827
Silver, A Hoard of	191			'Five Hundred Million Years'	748
Singapore, A New Constitution for	927			'Flight of the Dove'	77
Skimming, Mrs. E. H. B.	238			'Flowering Cherry'	991

Television (contd.)

	Page		Page		Page
'Outlook' ...	914, 990	Truth: Does Art Obscure It? ...	233	Walton Hall, Charles Waterton of ...	728
'Outward Bound' ...	134	Try, Try, Try Again ...	969	Wand, Rt. Rev. J. W. C. ...	3, 43
'Panorama' ...	172, 336, 472, 592, 708, 1030	Tugendhat, Georg ...	531, 559	Ward, Barbara ...	87, 139
'Paper Money' ...	915	Turkey:		Ward, Edward ...	721
'People Like Maria' ...	952	Archaeological Discovery ...	445	Warren, C. Henry ...	119, 139, 317, 497
'Pepps, Samuel: The Diary of' ...	473, 749	Cyprus, Attitude to ...	1040	Warsaw, Ballet School in ...	355
'Pick of the Season, The' ...	790	Turtles, Where Virgins Sing to ...	192	Washing, Hanging Out the ...	395
'Pictures at Kenwood, The' ...	789	Two Worlds at Once:		Waterfalls, On Watching ...	355
'Pictures in the Sky' ...	76	Gospel for 'The Others' ...	563	Watkins, Vernon ...	447
'Play Street' ...	420	Great Estrangement ...	448	Watmough, John ...	929
'Portraits of Power' ...	36, 874, 952, 990, 1030	Priesthood of Unbelievers? ...	495, 546	Webb, Harold ...	765
'Press Conference' ...	76, 172, 254, 378, 513, 789	Tale of Two Cities ...	537	Webber, Neville ...	686
'Pride and Prejudice' ...	213	'Tyke' ...	383	Webster, Professor Sir Charles ...	872
'Prison without Bars' ...	213	Tyne, River: Rowing the Bounds ...	842	Wedderburn, K. W. ...	811, 831
Ray, Ted ...	213	UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE UNITED STATES ...	487	Wedgwood, C. V. ...	769, 795
'Sammy' ...	593	Union of Soviet Socialist Republics:		Wedgwoods, Governess to the ...	816
'Sea and Ships' ...	134	Ballerina in Russia, A British ...	269	Weir, Molly ...	299
'September Tide' ...	378	Drunkennes, Campaign against ...	437	Weissmann, John S. ...	517
'She Too Was Young' ...	473	Great Divide, The ...	347	Weston, S. F. ...	270
'Shut Out the Night' ...	255	Moscow Art Theatre ...	933, 1009, 1023, 1064	Whaling Fleet, Russian ...	686
'Speaking Personally' ...	76, 420, 670	Moscow Synagogue, Visit to a ...	573	What They Are Saying ...	8, 52, 92, 148, 190, 230, 268, 308, 354, 394, 438, 488, 528, 570, 610, 648, 684, 726, 764, 804, 840, 888, 928, 968, 1002, 1044
'Sportsview' ...	212, 420, 632	Satellite Countries, Soviet Influence in the ...	605, 681	Wheeler, Howard ...	841
'Starr and Company' ...	671, 915	Whaling Fleet ...	645, 661, 681	Where England Begins ...	1051
'Strange Interlude' ...	554, 632	United Nations:		White, James R. ...	486
'Sulky Fire, The' ...	1031	Where Patience Wins Successes ...	226	Whiteman, H. G. ...	461
'Television Music-Hall' ...	991	United States of America:		Whiteman, Ronald ...	1045
'There Was a Door' ...	172	American Abroad ...	847	Whitmore, Richard ...	530
'Thread of Life, The' ...	293	Americanism, The Search for ...	643	Wild, Anne ...	139, 259, 995, 1075
'To Bafut for Beef' ...	632, 670	Apaches of New Mexico ...	969	Wilkinson, Professor D. H. ...	813, 831
'Tonight' 134, 212, 254, 336, 420, 472, 513, 554, 592, 708, 990, 1030		Architect on the Campus ...	14, 247	Williamson, R. G. H. ...	398
'Toscanini' ...	172	Architecture 1857-1957: Exhibition ...	440	Willis, Douglas ...	149, 439, 805, 889, 969
'Touch Wood' ...	990	Banking, Hotting up ...	439	Willis, Frederick ...	693, 715
'Transmogrification of Chester Brown, The' ...	790	Black and White in New York ...	59	Wincott, Harold ...	491, 519
'Treasures from National Trust Houses' ...	212	Cars, Sales of ...	149	Windsor, Commanded To ...	727
'Trial of Admiral Byng, The' ...	874	Censorship, Hidden ...	801	Wine Cellar, Starting a ...	715, 755
'Trouble for Two' ...	953	Education ...	318, 451, 545	Wingfield, Sheila ...	164
'Tufty' ...	748	Fossil-hunters and the Wild West ...	237	Wiskemann, Elizabeth ...	864
'Volcanoes of the Sahara, The' ...	420	Gulls in Gardiner's Bay, Long Island ...	440	Wisley Gardens, Charms of ...	650
'Waiting Room, The' ...	827	Latin America, Anti-U.S. Feeling in ...	838	Witney ...	890
'War in Spain' ...	952	Marriage, Anglo-American: Advantages of ...	496, 585	Woodcock, George ...	311, 343
'What's My Line?' ...	748	New York, Frustrations on Arriving in ...	1014, 1064	Woolfe, Frank ...	727
'When We Are Married' ...	37	President's Press Conference, The ...	723	World and the Observer ...	223, 285, 325, 370, 410, 451, 505
'Whispering Giant, The' ...	513	Pressure Groups ...	679	'Wray' ...	219, 675
'Winslow Boy, The' ...	514	Professor's View of, A ...	89	Wright, Harold ...	361
'Women of Troy' ...	134	'Subtopia', America versus ...	235	Writer, Early Morning ...	231
'You Are There' ...	633, 708, 1031	Unemployment ...	487	Writing a Short Story, Are You? ...	282
'Your Life in Their Hands' ...	336, 420, 592	World Power ...	187	Wyatt, Honor ...	599, 675
'You're a Long Time Dead' ...	337	University Research and its Financial Needs ...	729	YORKSHIRE CHARACTERS, OLD ...	54
'Youth Wants to Know' ...	592	VALÉRY, PAUL ...	471	Younger, William ...	131, 139
Territorial Army, Golden Jubilee of the ...	1041	Vaughan Thomas, Wynford ...	94	Yugoslavia and the Soviet Bloc ...	887
Theatre.		Vaux, Père Roland de ...	1007, 1035	ZAMBEZI, SMITH OF THE ...	499
Architecture of the Stage ...	615, 661, 700, 739	'Vectis' ...	179	'Zander' ...	299, 755
Censorship: Is it Out of Date? ...	318	Vele Man, The ...	106	Zeta, Harwell Experiments with ...	188
Commanded to Windsor ...	727	Venning, Christopher ...	192	Zorza, Victor ...	437, 479
Moscow Art Theatre ...	933, 1009, 1023, 1064	Vernon, Charles ...	577, 599	Zunzu at Home ...	728
Thermonuclear Reaction, Controlled ...	188	Vertical Take-off ...	10		
Thomas, Dylan ...	94, 234	Veryard, R. G. ...	1045		
Thomas, Sir Miles ...	146, 179	Vickers, Sir Geoffrey ...	48, 83		
Thomas, R. S. ...	119, 139, 740	Victorian Sunday, The ...	684, 693		
Thompson, Professor E. A. ...	863, 879	Villiers, George ...	232		
Thompson, W. B. ...	188, 219	WADE, DONALD ...	902		
Thomson, David ...	883, 919	Wade, H. W. R. ...	971, 995		
Tidmarsh, John ...	396	Wage Claims, The Pattern of ...	836		
Tilakasiri, Dr. J. ...	54	Wales, Travel in ...	119		
Tilley, Frank ...	889	Walk Shields, Can You? ...	766		
Tinbergen, Niko ...	127, 139	Walker, Roy ...	29, 39, 79, 111, 136, 163, 175, 205, 215, 256, 294, 327, 339, 380, 423, 475, 515, 556, 595, 635, 672, 701, 711, 751, 784, 791, 828, 876, 916, 955, 992, 1032, 1072		
Tippett, Michael ...	95, 151, 247	Wallace, Nellie ...	94		
Tiwi People of Australia, The ...	766	Waller, Bob ...	890		
Tocqueville, Alexis de ...	891	Walpole, Hugh ...	1013		
Todd, A. C. ...	816, 831	Walters, Gerald ...	20		
Todd, Olivier ...	849				
Toronto, A Castle in ...	685				
Tracy, Honor ...	988, 995				
Trade, British: The New Pattern ...	143				
Trade Union Officers: For Love or Money? ...	311, 410				
Transport Treasures Exhibition ...	929				
Travel and the Writer ...	1061				
Travel Books ...	115				
Trevelyan of Wallington, Lady ...	155				
Trevor-Roper, Professor Hugh ...	357, 383				
Trial by Ordeal ...	19				
Trinidad, Great Pitch Lake of ...	1004				
'Trochos' ...	831				
Truscott, Harold ...	477				

The Listener

Vol. LX. No. 1531

Thursday July 31 1958

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	162
The Bases of American Foreign Policy (Philip E. Mosely) ...	147	
How Can Germany Help Europe? (Terence Prittie) ...	149	
Britain and European Economic Expansion (Alan Day) ...	151	
THE LISTENER:	POEM:	
Bank Holiday Reflections ...	152	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	152	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?	ARCHITECTURE:	
Robert Newman and the 'Proms' (W. W. Thompson) ...	153	
The Little Ox (Ivor Jones) ...	153	
Remembering the Elizabethan Age (Alan Holden) ...	153	
How and How Not to Make Toast (George Villiers) ...	154	
'That Owl' (Florence Milnes) ...	154	
LITERATURE:	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
A Library of Poetry (A. Alvarez) ...	155	
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	169	
TRAVEL:	From Rev. Joseph McCulloch, Margaret Knight, and Henry Adler ...	167
How I Found Fun in Soviet Russia (Faubion Bowers) ...	157	
AUTOBIOGRAPHY:	ART:	
On Meeting Some Famous Victorians (Sir Arthur Richmond) ...	159	
SCIENCE:	Naum Gabo: a Systematic Sculptor (David Sylvester) ...	168
Evolution in Action—IV: The Natural History of Man (C. D. Darlington) ...	161	
	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
	Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden) ...	174
	Television Drama (Ivor Brown) ...	174
	Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ...	175
	The Spoken Word (Philip Henderson) ...	176
	Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	176
	MUSIC	
	The Razumovsky Quartets (A. E. F. Dickinson) ...	177
	FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	179
	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	179
	CROSSWORD NO. 1,470 ...	179

The Bases of American Foreign Policy

By PHILIP E. MOSELY

A GREAT many Americans, and many of our friends and friendly critics abroad, are deeply worried today over the state of United States foreign policy. Even if some of these policies, such as Nato, have worked fairly well until now, are they going to be adequate in the next few years? How much is left of the Eisenhower Doctrine, with the seizure of power in Iraq and the seemingly unending struggle in Lebanon? Will General de Gaulle's future moves strengthen both France and the Nato alliance? Or will he move to enhance the prestige of France at the expense of both Nato and the movement for European integration? In Indonesia and Laos, will the Communist bloc achieve power, in whole or in part, by peaceful and parliamentary means? Is the back door of America—the republics of Latin America—secure? Are they being attracted into the Soviet economic orbit or are they going to play in with the Soviet centre of attraction in order to bait Uncle Sam? Is the strategic situation changing so radically that America will have to scale down its present commitments to come to the defence of countries threatened by Soviet and Chinese Communist power?

This is a formidable roster of problems, and I cannot outline the implications of each of them here. What I am going to try to do is to point to some of the assumptions on which United States policy has rested during the past ten or thirteen years and then to see whether these same assumptions, and policies based on them, are equally useful today.

One of these assumptions has been that, with the military, political, and territorial support of its allies, the United States could and should build and maintain a nuclear deterrent force, with the necessary delivery systems and bases to back it up; a force adequate to deter the Soviet leadership from exploiting its

great superiority in land forces to overrun additional areas in Western Europe. Now that the Soviet Union also has built a large nuclear force, and may actually prove to be ahead of the West in developing the intercontinental missile to the stage of an operational tool, the West no longer has a unique advantage. What does this mean for the United States and its allies?

There is no doubt that the American people would accept vast destruction and even catastrophe at home in order to come to the defence of Great Britain and Western Europe. Yet nuclear power is, I believe, much less likely to be thrown into the political scales in defence of other, politically uncertain, areas of the globe. Other forms of power, short of all-out retaliation, thus take on a renewed importance in resisting Soviet-bloc pressures outside Europe.

Can a nation today defend itself without risking intolerable destruction? The basic dilemma leads many analysts to place a new emphasis on conventional forces, forces ready to be moved rapidly to any threatened section of the free world. It also leads to an intensive study of the use of tactical nuclear weapons, designed to compensate for the free world's inferiority in mobilised manpower.

When Britain carried the main load of maintaining a balance of sorts in world power, it could rely on one main weapon—its navy—and until the Haldane reforms it relied on the availability of time and space to improvise land power and alliances as they might be needed. No time and no space are now available for the powers which are defending the *status quo*. That is the basic reason why Americans are debating so long and so loudly the nature, purposes, and limitations of the various instruments and strategies of power. The disadvantage of this debate is that American policy often seems completely mesmerised by military

power, to its great psychological disadvantage abroad. The Eisenhower Doctrine for the Middle East, for example, identified the threat to that area as a military one. In fact, the threat is also or even more a political, economic, and ideological one.

What has happened in American political thinking is, I feel, that a traditionally non-military and even anti-military people has had to be persuaded each year that the possession of great military power is essential if it is to speak with a voice that can be heard. Year-in, year-out, the American people has to be reminded that strong defences are essential, and so each political or economic commitment the United States has undertaken over the past ten years has had to be couched in terms of strengthening our own military defences or those of the free world. Hence the paradox of the strongly military overtones in what is basically a defensive and *status quo* policy.

A second assumption has been that a strengthened Western Europe would gradually take over most or all of the responsibility for maintaining a firm barrier to Soviet expansion into that vital part of the world. And because the barrier, backed by the United States nuclear deterrent, has worked effectively so far, Western Europe has enjoyed a remarkable period of political stability and economic expansion. Because the Soviet Union has been deterred from expanding by force, many now argue that its leaders never intended to do so in the first place and that we can now weaken Nato or even dismantle it. The trouble with most of the plans for 'disengagement' in Europe is that, while leaving intact Soviet striking power, they may dissolve the political union of the West, leaving each state in weakened isolation to face new Soviet threats. If those threats—the threat to bomb London, Paris, Bonn, Rome—have been made frequently over the past two years, before Russia had its missiles fully ready, consider what their impact may be if Nato were meanwhile to be dissolved into a congeries of divided and suspicious states, with each bargaining for its own safety by appeasing one Soviet demand after another!

Need for a Strengthened Nato

What we need, and it is a need that American policy has not fully realised, is a strengthened, not a weakened, Nato, a Nato equipped to stand off the threat of the Soviet intercontinental missiles when they are ready in operational numbers, perhaps in two or three years. Europe needs to have its own nuclear forces and delivery-systems, but these should be developed and controlled for defensive purposes by the Western European Union, including Britain and the other six members of W.E.U. The great strides which Britain has made in nuclear technology should have been assisted actively by the United States, just as British science and skill contributed to the war-time achievement of the atom bomb. But, if we look now to the future, it may well be fatal if, through American and British inaction, each West European ally achieves nuclear power on its own, and achieves it at different times. Politically, economically, and strategically, it would be much better for us both to support the development of a regional nuclear deterrent which would include Britain and the European Nato powers.

American policy, I submit, has been shortsighted in failing to support the strategic unification of Western Europe, in contrast to the encouragement it has given to its economic integration. A strengthened Europe can, I believe, maintain a deterrent of its own against Soviet nuclear attack or blackmail, but this requires an active policy by both Britain and the United States, going far beyond the recent American decision to share certain atomic secrets with Britain and to help Euratom realise its plans for developing nuclear energy for industrial uses. Nato cannot stand still; it must grow in strength to match the growth in Soviet power.

A third assumption of American policy has been that the underdeveloped countries, comprising two-thirds of the peoples of the non-Communist world, can gradually increase the rhythm of their economic and social progress if only the advanced countries make some contributions to their efforts. In other words, the newly independent and developing countries should be assisted, through Point Four and later programmes, to find their haven in the free world. This comfortable and comforting assumption no longer holds water. As a matter of fact, over the past ten years the advanced industrial countries have ex-

panded their economies far more rapidly than the pre-industrial ones. The gap between the two parts of the free world has been growing wider, not narrower.

'Haves' and 'Have Nots'

The dilemma of the gap between the 'haves' and the 'have nots' is becoming more acute because of the high birth-rates and the declining death-rates typical today of the underdeveloped countries. And the ambition to develop industrial power is a central drive in the new nationalisms of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. While British policy has shown great skill and foresight in reaching accommodations with the new forces of political nationalism, the British economy, unfortunately, is not providing adequate resources to meet the demands of economic development in the formerly dependent areas. In a time of rapid economic development at home—despite the current recession—and of ominous political instability in many underdeveloped areas, American capital shows little inclination to move into countries of high risk and uncertain returns.

In the past fifteen months the Eisenhower Administration has, it is true, secured from the Congress some token recognition of the need for taking greater risks through development loans to projects which cannot meet the requirements of commercial soundness as set by the World Bank and the Export-Import Bank. But the assumption that token United States encouragement to economic development would be enough has broken down. Yet how can the American voters help but regard military programmes and foreign aid programmes as in competition with domestic demands for their tax dollars?

A fourth assumption has been that nationalism—both old and new—can be built into a strong barrier to the spread of Communist control. Hence, the argument goes, the West must try to work with the new nationalism to help these forces to find their places within a community of free self-governing and self-respecting states. Certainly, Britain has held and exercised far more responsibility and leadership in this field of policy than the United States, and Americans would have been happy to leave in British hands the working out of compromises and adjustments with the nationalist forces in the Middle East, as it has done in Asia and is doing in parts of Africa.

What American and British policy has failed to foresee is that the Soviet Union can also make a strong bid to ally itself with the colonial and formerly colonial peoples, thus moving towards its immediate aim—the elimination of Western influences and sympathies from large areas of the underdeveloped regions of the world. In the first post-war years Stalin concentrated his empire-building efforts against contiguous countries—Greece, Turkey, Iran—and used military pressures to the forefront. However, even before his death, in a pamphlet on *Economic Problems of Socialism*, published in October 1952, Stalin called for a new policy, stressing peaceful political and economic means, and appealing to peoples far removed from the Soviet frontiers to ally themselves with the Soviet Union in the name of anti-imperialism. In effect, this same policy has been carried out with more vigour and imagination by his successors.

Moscow's Aid to Underdeveloped Areas

Today, Moscow's economic development programmes in the underdeveloped areas are not much smaller than those of the United States; and they are often operated more flexibly. They can give easy credits instead of the more humiliating form of grants in aid, or gifts. The process of recommending, deciding, appropriating money and starting new projects takes many months under American democratic procedures. If the Kremlin decides to deliver arms to Nasser or a steel mill to India, the first instalments can be put on shipboard within a matter of weeks. The Soviet Union can absorb in payment almost any kind of goods, while the American economy cannot. The Soviet Union can afford to fan anti-Israeli sentiments through its Arab broadcasts, but the Western voice of moderation and compromise has little impact. The Soviet Union can go all out in supporting Indonesian claims to West Irian; the United States is of necessity neutral in this dispute. In the areas beyond its periphery the Soviet

(continued on page 165)

How Can Germany Help Europe?

By TERENCE PRITTIE

A FEW weeks ago the Federal German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, who has the disciplined Roman virtue of speaking only when he has something worth while to say, told a select group of German journalists that a solution of the German problem was not just round the corner in history. 'Your chief duty', he told them, 'is to help the German people to be patient'. Patience is not a notoriously German virtue.

Dr. Adenauer had plenty of immediate reasons for saying this. The worsening climate in the Bundestag has brought one unruly scene after another. Dr. Adenauer was aware of the mood of growing impatience among many sections of the German public. He knew that a certain degree of material prosperity had been achieved and that Germans are looking round again for recognisable ideals. A German on the search for an ideal can develop into a dangerous crusader.

The worsening climate in the Bundestag need not, perhaps, be regarded as too serious a cause of concern. Dr. Adenauer has himself been called to order before now. The late Dr. Schumacher was temporarily banished from the Lower House. But the reasons behind the outbursts of the last debate on foreign affairs are disquieting. Social Democratic leadership and morale have reached an all-time low level. At the recent Party Congress in Stuttgart a left-winger and former Communist, Herbert Wehner, dominated proceedings and became vice-chairman of the party. Wehner is animated by a spirit of real vindictiveness towards Adenauer and his regime. He is offering not an alternative to it but its annihilation.

The mood of impatience among West Germans might likewise be thought unimportant. But it has thrown up political castaways whose contributions to a miserable German past have evidently not taught them the appropriate lessons. A Swiss journalist recently wrote of the nonsensicality of politicians like the former Free Democratic leader, Thomas Dehler, preaching 'a German impatience which is holy'. This attitude has been the spur for the renewed activity of men like Hans Zehrer, editor of the influential newspaper *Die Welt* and one of those 'conservative revolutionaries' who paved the way in the nineteen-twenties for the Nazis; Ernst Juenger, critic of the post-1919 policy of fulfilment of the Treaty of Versailles; Axel Springer, modern Germany's first press tycoon and an exponent of German reunification at all costs; Erich Kuby, scourger of West German smugness; and Paul Sethe, elder statesman among political commentators and originator of the legend of the missed opportunities of Western statesmen in the European theatre since 1945.

These men are desperately impatient. They mostly were so already in the nineteen-twenties and any distant sound of political thunder is enough to arouse their old feelings again. Hans Zehrer

has just written a novelette-length article in *Die Welt* entitled 'Have we really lived our lives?' It dramatises the experiences of the sixty-year-olds in particular and all those who lived through two world wars, the post-1919 nationalist revival, the distinctively separate rise of the Nazis, final, overwhelming defeat and occupation. In reality most of this experience was barren and baleful. Yet Zehrer can write that this generation 'had a beginning; had ideas and aims; had its historic mission and was aware of it; fought for something and against something'. It was the generation 'deprived, betrayed of its revolution'; it was the generation which had 'really lived', and Zehrer capped this claim with the pictures which it evoked—the *wandervogel* student of 1912 with his guitar, the recruit of 1914 with his *Pickelhaube* and dedicated eyes, the brown-shirted hero of the nineteen-thirties, the disconsolate left at the end of it all. He did not point out that it was this generation which helped, however unwittingly, to ruin Europe.

One West German political party openly welcomes the Zehrer. The Free Democrats can see how to build themselves up into a third force—by playing on popular emotion and exploiting popular impatience. This is a recent extract from the party's English-language weekly:

De Gaulle's return to French politics is the third blow which Adenauer's concept of a West-Europe has

suffered. The first came with France's refusal to go along with the European Defence Community. The second occurred with the break in Western unity over Suez. This one should be the last. It is high time that the Federal Government stopped refusing to take the initiative in determining its own policy.

The same publication accused the Government of

strutting again, waving the banner of the first free all-German elections, and thereby frustrating every reasonable attempt to get the Four Powers working on a solution of the German problem.

The Free Democrats accuse Adenauer of 'out-Nyet-ting the Russians', because he will not embrace a policy of so-called flexibility between East and West.

Here is one of the obvious threats which can emerge in Germany. The exponents of this flexibility are the same people who talk grandiosely of Germany becoming 'a bridge between East and West'. Is this really possible? The Soviet interest in Germany takes no account of this nearly posthumous spirit of service. The satellite states are bound the more closely to the Soviet Union because of their fears of a united Germany which might assign itself some high sounding role in European affairs; and Western statesmen could hardly hope for anything but a repetition of the diplomatic fumbles of a Holstein, a Wirth, a Ribbentrop.

This threat, which could crystallise from well-meant German



The border between West and East Germany runs through Zicherie, near Helmstedt: a West German guard looking across to the eastern half of the village

efforts to win back an honourable place in world politics, was underlined recently by the Free Democratic key-candidate in the Rhineland elections, Willy Weyer. He said that 'we Germans all know that the Russians cannot be indifferent to the military build-up in Western Germany. And we Germans, after all, have been able to maintain our independence from Moscow in the past—without American help'.

What should one understand from this statement? There seems to be only one answer—there should be a neutral Germany, divorced from both power blocs. A few weeks ago a public opinion survey in Düsseldorf showed that only 32 per cent. of those asked agreed that 'Germany belongs essentially to the West'. A bigger number 34 per cent., thought that Germany should be bound to both East and West by a security system; and another 20 per cent. thought that Germany should remain strictly neutral between the power-blocs. The idea of the bridge between East and West is not held by only a few fanciful politicians and literary restorationists.

Linked to this threat of Germany seeking a new, important role in Europe is that of Germans trying to bring this about by their own efforts. The protagonists of disengagement in Europe scrupulously ignore the fact that as long as an Ulbricht regime remains in Eastern Germany, solidly based on the might of the Red Army and the explicit support of Mr. Khrushchev, there is no hope of progress towards German reunification. And if the Ulbricht regime were to be jettisoned by the Russians, what sort of government would be allowed to take its place? And what sort of West German government would be regarded as a suitable negotiating partner by Moscow?

Through the Political Telescope

The West German Social Democrats look down a long, long vista through their political telescope. At the end of it is the radiant apparition of a united Germany, and it looks quite close. They draw a pitifully simple conclusion: 'It is necessary', the party executive decided in Stuttgart, 'that the German people force the Four Powers to open the way to the reunification of Germany. The citizens of the Federal Republic must insist on the creation of a policy which will lead to reunification'. The executive went further than ever before when it added that

If negotiations with authorities in the Soviet Zone become unavoidable, then the Federal Government, which has helped to bring this condition about, must do whatever is necessary to contribute to the amelioration of the condition of the people beyond the interzonal border. It is better to take steps to mitigate the division of Germany than to accept its finality.

In fact, talks with the Ulbricht regime might become necessary; ex-Communist Herbert Wehner admitted so rather more explicitly.

It might be that Germans can help towards solving the problem of their country's division—although a solution worked out by Ulbricht and Wehner would not contribute to European stability. But what, then, lies beyond reunification? No West German government will give up the claim to the territories east of the Oder. The presence of 10,000,000 East German refugees in the Federal Republic ensures that. Their votes are not just valuable; they are indispensable. What do the refugees, then, think about the question of the Oder-Neisse line? Here are extracts from a refugee press service circulated to English and U.S. readers:

In spite of the Atlantic Charter the statesmen of the Western allies intrigued with the Soviet Union and Poland behind the scenes, to transfer to the latter the German eastern territories without the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned.

... The Poles do not feel themselves that the Oder-Neisse territories really belong to them. They admit that tens of thousands of Polish settlers have abandoned the German farms assigned to them, and that vast border districts have become a no-man's land.

... The Allies, in their blind hatred of Germany, did everything they possibly could to help the Soviets reach the great advance in military power which they have achieved today.

Here is a strange and unpleasing confusion of cause with effect. As with recent Social Democratic utterances, it is the Western Powers who are put in the dock, and it is they who have to bear the main responsibility for the partition and division of Germany. Behind these utterances is a genuine German belief in the rightness of their cause, which entails the revision of the Oder-

Neisse boundary and the return of millions of Germans to their old homes.

A certain Freiherr von Riechthofen wrote recently to *The Times* that the young, even more than others, were keeping alive the idea of the 'return to the promised land'. 'A strange light comes into their eyes', he wrote, 'when they speak with others from their homeland'. And government-aided institutions like the Osteuropa Institut maintain that the economy of the Polish-occupied provinces is collapsing, that Ukrainians brought there will never settle down and that Poland cannot fulfil its colonising mission. No allowance is made for the fact that the Poland which has tried to do this is the economically disjointed, socially gelded, politically hamstrung Poland of the post-war years.

Foreign Minister von Brentano suggested that Germany might have to renounce all territorial claims in order to make reunification with the existing East German Republic possible. He had to eat his words. Social Democrat Carlo Schmidt said much the same thing, and made a rather more dignified withdrawal. The refugee press-service blames the Western Powers for the loss of the German East, for the loss of liberty of the peoples of Central Europe, for not settling the German question to Germany's advantage and so inciting the inevitable Communist counter-pressure. Is blaming the Western Powers to become chronic in Germany? And are Federal Ministers to go on announcing—like Herr Oberlaender on June 31—that the eviction of Germans from the lost territories was a breach of the Atlantic Charter? Or—like Herr Seeböhm on July 1—that it is impossible to establish relations with Mr. Gomulka, because he helped to drive Germans from their homes? These lines of thought will not bring German reunification closer.

When Dr. Adenauer asked the journalists to encourage a spirit of patience he knew that Germany's own friends are growing a little tired of the German problem. Curiously, it was one of Dr. Adenauer's opponents who was quickest to echo his words. Paul Sethe, *Die Welt's* columnist, wrote in May that although the road to reunification had not been found, at least a political dreamland had been left behind. The Russians, he thought, would simply not be cajoled into giving up their half of Germany in a hurry. Nor was there a short cut by altering the substance of Germany's division while preserving its form. 'It would be a mistake', Sethe wrote, 'to imagine that civil and spiritual liberties for Eastern Germany can be extracted from the Russians more easily than reunification. Both these things would mean that they would forfeit their position in Central Europe'.

What could they be offered? Probably nothing less than an American withdrawal from Europe, and the dissolution of Nato and all effective Western defence planning. The Lord Mayor of Berlin, Herr Willy Brandt, summed things up when he said that there was at present no suitable price which the Russians could be offered and would accept.

'Confederation without Risk'?

All this may sound gloomy—to the apostles of disengagement as much as to the Germans. Some Germans, indeed, are stark realists. There is Adenauer; there is Brandt; and there is the Minister for All-German Affairs, Herr Lemmer, who pointed out that the minimum Soviet internal terms for a solution of the German question entailed the creation of a 'Confederation' of two equally entitled German states which would have to be preceded by a closer approximation of social, political, and economic conditions in Western Germany to those in the East German Republic: this would be 'confederation without a single risk'. It would legalise the division of Germany and secure Western assent to the indefinite postponement of real reunification.

What, then, should be suggested to the 50,000,000 West Germans for what may well be a ten-year period of waiting—other than a purely negative patience? Here are some possibilities:

Western Germany can go on proving herself a loyal and resolute partner in the Western alliance. Western Germany can set an example of firm and intelligent administration to her Eastern neighbours which will do more to win the Cold War than a dozen Western Notes to Moscow or a dozen of Mr. Dulles' plunging descents on Western capitals. Western Germany can go on integrating a refugee population which deserves warm sympathy and admiration for its thrift and fortitude, but which

should not be encouraged to presume on Western backing for a new German colonisation of the lost Eastern territories. Western Germany can continue to act as pace-setter to the rest of Europe in an age of continuous economic progress. In doing so she can contribute effectively to Europe's very survival. She can act as trade-broker in the underdeveloped countries of the world—with no stigma of colonialism attaching to her. It is a piece of sublime foolishness that hostile demonstrations should be organised against a man like Alfried Krupp in Canada and Australia. He took no part in the three most recent crimes of the firm of Friedrich Krupp—the illicit manufacture of arms between the world wars, the financing of Hitler, and the employment of

slave-labour as part of the Nazi 'extermination through work' programme. If Alfried Krupp has a contribution to make to the Western world—in skill and initiative—then let him make it.

Recently a British parliamentarian was bitterly assailed in Germany for suggesting that Germany could become a 'new Belgium'. I have noted the disdain of Germans when it has been suggested that their country should become a 'greater Switzerland'. Germans might reflect that Belgians and Swiss are regarded as the very best kind of friends and neighbours. Given this understanding, Germans can make their contribution to the Western world in an awkward and, I am afraid, long interval which must elapse before the German problem is solved.

—Third Programme

Britain and European Economic Expansion

By ALAN DAY

THE dominating feature of the economy of Western Europe—by which I mean all the European countries outside the Soviet bloc, including the United Kingdom—is one of uncertainty. I do not want to exaggerate this: the position is not one where there is reason to fear catastrophe or disaster, but at the same time we are in a position where it is unusually difficult to predict exactly how things will develop over the next few months. This uncertainty applies both to the long-drawn-out negotiations to establish a new institutional framework for the European economy and to the likely course of economic activity itself.

Dominating the institutional negotiations, centring on the Common Market and the Free Trade Area, is the uncertainty arising from the political situation in France. But, whatever may be the precise position, I think there can be no doubt that the new regime will be intransigent in its defence of what it conceives to be French interests; and the disturbing thing is that very many Frenchmen do not regard the establishment of a European Free Trade Area as being in any way in the interests of France.

What is happening, therefore, is that we are steadily drifting towards the position where the six Common Market nations (France, Germany, Italy, and the three Benelux countries) will reduce their tariffs on each other's goods, while leaving their tariffs as they are on goods from other Western European countries. The practical harm this will do is probably small, simply because the tariff reductions the Six will introduce on January 1 next year are small. All the same, the symbolic importance of such a revival of trade discrimination within Europe would be immense—it would be taken by many people as indicating the collapse of the whole system of European economic co-operation which has been in existence now for ten years.

It seems, therefore, that the next few months will see hard and complicated bargaining. The important things to watch for in all the noisy recriminations that are coming are the positions taken by Britain and France. The danger I see from Britain is that we may be tempted to try to turn our backs on Europe, in a chase after what seems to me to be the chimera of tight Commonwealth economic integration; or that at least we shall hesitate for too long and lose the alliance of the Scandinavians and the Swiss, who are currently inclined to bargain toughly for the establishment of a Free Trade Area.

On the side of France, the big question is whether she will be able to continue to pursue her self-interests successfully, without going so far as to outrage her partners in the Six and make them threaten to abandon her. So far, the French have been remarkably successful in pursuing their interests. This applies not only to their opposition to the Free Trade Area proposals but also in their own economic policy. Their main economic pre-occupation is with full use of capacity and with rapid expansion, even at the cost of balance-of-payments difficulties and inflation. So far, pressures on the balance of payments have been met successfully by foreign loans; and there are now no powerful pressure-groups in France which are badly hurt by even a rapid rate of price rises.

The consequence is that France has been alone, among the larger countries of Western Europe, in maintaining a rapid rate of growth of industrial output in the last year or so. Her industrial production has increased by about 10 per cent. over the last year, whereas Western Germany shows an increase of only 2 or 3 per cent., while Britain's industrial output is by now perhaps a little below the level of this time last year, and one or two of the smaller countries (noticeably Belgium, always a sensitive indicator of the state of Europe's economy) show definite declines in output.

Only to a very limited extent is this movement into a slight recession in most of the European economy the consequence of the recession in North America. Europe's exports to the United States are holding up remarkably well, mainly because of the growing liking of Americans for small European cars. Moreover, Europe is spending far fewer dollars in the United States than she was a year or so ago, partly because of the ending of large-scale purchases of oil which resulted from the Suez crisis*, partly because of good harvests here, and partly because the slowing down in European industrial activity has reduced our demands for American materials—in particular our marginal and high-cost purchases of American coal and steel.

But an American recession does not only affect us directly; it also reduces American purchases of food and raw materials from overseas countries, which in turn leads them to buy less from us. This indirect process takes some time to work round, and is only just starting to affect Europe. It will soon lead to substantial reductions in Europe's exports. But I think these effects are likely to be less serious than we might have feared. In fact, so far, the effects have probably been on balance favourable, by reducing import prices—particularly those of the United Kingdom. Not that I think we can be complacent; harder times for exports are coming and the fundamental problems of the over-valuation of the French franc, the under-valuation of the mark, and the inadequate reserves of the sterling system are still with us. But it seems unlikely that these matters are going to cause acute embarrassment to the European economy in the next few months.

The remaining question is: What is likely to happen to European economic activity over the rest of this year? There have, I think, been two main reasons for the recession. One is the deliberate policy of several Governments, noticeably those of Britain and the Netherlands, to halt the inflation, even at the cost of unemployment. The other reason, which has been particularly important in Western Germany and has also been significant in Britain, has been the ending of the investment boom. Neither of these forces is yet spent, and I think we must expect unemployment to rise for the rest of the year. I imagine the British Government, at any rate, will soon start to turn towards positively expansionary policies, but these are likely to be slow in taking full effect.

The most important thing to realise is that modern economics can remain reasonably stable only if industrial activity expands year by year. The time has come to make sure that European economic expansion does soon really get under way again.

—General Overseas Service

* This talk was broadcast before the present crisis in the Middle East

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1958

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Bank Holiday Reflections

WHAT would life be without an international crisis? The question is not couched in any flippant tone. Far from it. But since most of us can remember, international crises have been part and parcel of our lives, and for those who recall that day in 1914 when the earth seemed to crumble away beneath one's feet, crises have somehow or other become associated with Bank Holiday weekends. Not that such weekends have enjoyed a monopoly, but too often in our day holiday plans—and much else besides—have been upset by the shadow of war falling across our path. Indeed one has almost become accustomed now, when arranging a holiday, to hold reservations in the back of one's mind—reservations, that is to say, other than hotel bookings and seats on the 'plane. It is a melancholy thought and one perhaps that does not trouble many people—possibly because it is all too familiar. One feels that a caveat should now be entered as a matter of course to any project that one has in mind. We live in the age of the provisional.

Another and less melancholy view is that of the man who gets a kick out of living dangerously. For him mid-twentieth-century life must be one succession of thrills—just what the doctor ordered. Such folk are surely to be envied. Not for them the sudden stroke of nervousness at the sight of an alarming headline. Not for them the brooding fears that cloud the imagination when troops are reported to be on the move and guns and aeroplanes, to say nothing of rockets and other outlandish devices, are being brought into position. Life after all is a gamble. One has to die sooner or later. *Che sara sara*. So why worry?

Why worry, indeed? The thought is a tempting one—seeing that the responsibility for sorting out these matters is hardly to be placed on the shoulders of John Citizen in this or any other country. It is the statesmen who have to do the worrying. Theirs for better or worse is the responsibility and we are in their hands. If the thought is a tempting one it is also facile. There, it may be suggested, speaks the escapist. Whatever one's occupation, to take a lively interest in public affairs, to help to mould that hardly definable yet ultimately all powerful agency known as public opinion, is a duty that rests on every member of a democracy (for want of a better word, seeing how much debased it has become by modern usage). Small enough may be an individual's contribution, but if it be left unmade, by so much the less can any nation make good its claim to be a self-governing community. The duty is one we owe to ourselves no less than to our leaders on whom the immediate responsibility does indeed rest. Their load, whichever way one looks at it, is heavy. In a divided and explosive world, to pursue the right and to hold one's end up is an exercise that can stretch the capabilities of the ablest, the most far seeing, of statesmen. To spare a thought for their endeavours, to pray that their feet may be led into the way of peace, is the least that the rest of us can do as we pack our bags and prepare for what we hope will be a fine, if not entirely care-free, Bank Holiday weekend.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the 'summit' conference

IN ADDITION TO the Notes exchanged between Mr. Khrushchev and the Western leaders about a 'summit' conference on the Middle East, Moscow broadcasts gave immense publicity to 'mammoth meetings' of protest at the Anglo-U.S. intervention, and innumerable appeals to 'halt aggression and save peace in the Middle East and the world'. According to a Moscow broadcast on July 20, quoting *Pravda*, 'the peoples of the world will compel the aggressors to retreat. Soon the ground under the feet of the occupationists will be on fire. The mad interventionists find themselves isolated'.

Commenting on Western assurances that their intervention was limited to Lebanon and Jordan, a Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* on July 21 recalled that 'Hitler, when attacking each of his victims, announced that this was his final aim'. In the words of one Moscow broadcast:

The voice of reason from Moscow . . . has spread throughout the world with the speed of light.

On July 23 Moscow radio commented on the Western proposal for a 'summit' meeting within the Security Council:

What sort of simpletons do the United States leaders expect other people to be? Everyone knows that the United States can rely on a mechanical majority in the Security Council. And does the U.S. seriously imagine that anyone could agree to discuss important international problems with Chiang Kai-shek, who occupies a seat on the Council?

The very suggestion was 'a stalling manoeuvre' to prevent an immediate, effective 'summit' conference, despite the fact that 'any delay in settling the military conflict in the Middle East could lead to irreparable catastrophe'. A few hours later Mr. Khrushchev accepted a 'summit' conference within the Security Council. A Moscow broadcast on July 24 attacked President Eisenhower's message as 'abounding in crude attacks on the Soviet Union', but added:

A meeting under United Nations auspices is a good opportunity for all parties to demonstrate the sincerity of their intention to bring about a peaceful settlement in the Middle East.

Broadcasts from China were extremely bellicose. They recalled that 'the Korean and Chinese peoples licked the combined forces of the U.S.A. and fifteen other countries', and that 'imperialism's long war front cannot be defended . . . and can be dealt a merciless blow'. One Chinese broadcast stated:

Even if war breaks out the people throughout the world will be completely capable of defeating the instigators of aggressive war.

Peking radio quoted an article in the Egyptian press saying:

Tens of thousands of Soviet volunteers are now waiting in Russian airports to fly anywhere in the Middle East at short notice.

Chinese units were said to have expressed their readiness to go as 'volunteers' to the Middle East. Peking radio said:

All Peking has been boiling with wrath . . . Angry slogans resounded wave after surging wave, ringing over the city like spring thunder.

Many Chinese broadcasts spoke of China being ready to 'liberate' Formosa.

A Chinese broadcast attacked the Japanese resolution in the Security Council as an attempt to 'provide recognition of the U.S.-British invasion of Lebanon and Jordan as a *fait accompli*, and to prolong and 'legalise' this illegal occupation under cover of the activities of the United Nations Observers group. This is exactly what United States and British imperialism needs'. Japan had, all along, behaved in a 'double-faced' manner over the Middle East. A Yugoslav broadcast, however, called the Japanese proposal one of the serious efforts made all over the world to end the crisis. Whether or not the heads of government met, the U.N. would have the duty of seeking a way out of the crisis.

On July 26 Moscow radio broadcast an Order of the Day by Marshal Malinovsky, on the occasion of Navy Day, calling on the Soviet armed forces to increase their vigilance. On July 25, Moscow radio broadcast a Note to Turkey warning her against attacking Iraq.

Did You Hear That?

ROBERT NEWMAN AND THE 'PROMS'

'TO PROMENADE and listen to music is no new thing', said W. W. THOMPSON in a talk in the Home Service, 'but to promenade and listen to great music is. When Robert Newman (who was born 100 years ago) thought of the idea of giving promenade concerts at the newly opened Queen's Hall his sole ambition was to introduce the best music to those previously starved of it, starved because most people could not afford it. In Newman's mind was the simple fact that it takes less space for people to stand up than to sit down, thus making it possible to get more people in and charge cheaper fares for the musical ride.

'When Robert Newman came on the musical scene, Londoners chiefly supported the Richter Orchestral Concerts and Augustus Mann's Crystal Palace Concerts. Through the "Proms" Newman achieved his primary object of making great symphonic music as widely known as possible. He was convinced that given the lead the public would respond. In this as in most things of high order his musical instincts were right. And if further proof is required let us not forget that he made up his mind that the only man alive to collaborate with him, with the necessary and almost super-human qualifications, ideals, and musicianship, was young Henry Wood.

'Robert Newman was born in Regent Street and Henry Wood in Oxford Street—both within a stone's throw of the old Queen's Hall. I joined Robert Newman's staff ten years before he died, and his staff, I may say, consisted only of himself, an assistant, and an office boy.

'Not only did we run a ten-week season of "Proms" every year but also Saturday-afternoon symphony concerts, Sunday concerts, festivals, tours, and so on. And we did everything bar laying the coal fires and dusting the office.

'Robert Newman was a man of proud bearing, fine physique, and amazing endurance. A typical Edwardian, he cut a resplendent figure in frock-coat and top-hat—invariably worn for afternoon concerts—and tails in the evening. To complete the picture one must mention his magnificent moustache with carefully waxed ends. In his youth he was a fine athlete and represented southern England in lacrosse: a fine horseman, swimmer, and cyclist in the days of the penny-farthing machines. He had a brusque manner and was a man of very few words. As soon as he spoke of music his whole countenance lit up, for he was a profound lover of the art and was prepared to work his fingers to the bone for it.

'Sometimes he would talk of his youth, and I specially remember one day when we were passing down Regent Street in a taxi he suddenly glanced out of the window and said: "That is where I was born, and just behind there my father kept stables from which he supplied horses for the Royal Mail". Mention of horses reminds me of the fact that Newman came of Irish stock and he had a merry twinkle in his blue eyes. His somewhat forbidding

manner was a cloak he assumed to hide an over-generous heart and idealistic nature. We were expected to work really hard—no clock watching—but at the same time he saw to it that I continued my musical studies and even chose the teachers to whom

I went for organ and singing.

'I cannot think of any partnership which opened the musical flood-gates to the extent that Newman and Wood did. Together they awakened musical consciousness in a race that was previously looked upon as being utterly unmusical. Many musicians when students have spent night after night at the "Proms" to gain quickly a comprehensive grasp of the standard repertoire. Numbers of composers and solo artists came out first at the "Proms", and countless thousands of music-lovers have had their lives enriched by the labours of these two great men'.



Robert Newman and (below) a promenade concert in the Queen's Hall, London, in 1936



THE LITTLE OX

Digging in West Berlin archaeologists have unearthed a sacrificial image of an ox, which is now on view in the Berlin Museum of Pre-history. IVOR JONES, B.B.C. correspondent, went along to see it and described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The curator', he said, 'who has some talent as a showman, produced from his pocket a perfectly ordinary packet of cigarettes, and when he offered it to me there inside, lying in cotton wool, was the ox: the tiniest ox I have ever seen, smaller than my little finger, but it is beautifully made of bronze. The horns and ears are minute pieces of wire planted in microscopic holes drilled in the head. The mouth and eyes are carefully engraved, and, all told, the little beast has an elegant look.

'It was, the curator says, a sacrifice to the Earth Goddess, worshipped by many of the old Aryan peoples, to persuade her to protect a new house. It was buried in a pot under the hearth. The bones of cattle and even of a child have been found buried near ancient German hearth stones. But some tribes came to feel that an image would do as well, hence the little ox. Several others like it have been found in Germany and elsewhere, some of them more than 4,000 years old. This one is unique because it is so young. The pot it was buried in dates it at about A.D. 300, which places it more than 1,000 years later than the accepted period for these figurines. It now seems that when Christianity was spreading through much of Europe, the tribes of central Germany were still devoted to the Earth Goddess and, perhaps, the cult of human sacrifices'.

REMEMBERING THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

An exhibition has been opened at Stratford upon Avon to commemorate the 400th anniversary of Queen Elizabeth I's accession to the throne. ALAN HOLDEN, a B.B.C. reporter, described it in a talk in the Home Service.

'Queen Elizabeth I', he said, 'acceded to the throne 400 years ago, a history-book fact that few people would remember. In Stratford it could hardly be forgotten, for of all towns this one owes most to its Elizabethan past. Hall's Croft is something of that past. It was the home of Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna, and her husband Dr. John Hall. It remained a private house until 1949 when the Birthplace Trust took over. There could hardly be a finer setting for an exhibition showing something of the Elizabethan age.

'Some of the exhibition is of copies of manuscripts too valuable to move to Stratford. But there are originals, many of which are also precious. Most have come from famous collections. The first entry in the list I was given reads: "A little book of psalms, undated, bound in leather, and stamped with the Tudor Rose". The final page bears an inscription and the signature of Queen Elizabeth I. It is loaned by Her Majesty the Queen. Another item which has come from the Royal Library at Windsor is an original drawing of the first Queen Elizabeth in robes of state.

'One unusual feature of the exhibition is that it tries to capture something of the whole age. That is why medical books, educational works, and coins have all been included. But with the Elizabethans the emphasis is on the court and the stage. I think the thing which brings back much of the Elizabethan stage is an old playbill; the plot of the second part of "The Seven Deadly Sins". This hung behind the stage so that actors could check an exit, an entrance, or a line or two.

'Do people really want to look back from this nuclear age across 400 years? I think the answer to that is that Hall's Croft has been crowded with people listening to Elizabethan poetry in rooms containing some of the original manuscripts'.

HOW AND HOW NOT TO MAKE TOAST

'Mechanisation of toast-making has, I think', said GEORGE VILLIERS in the Home Service, 'deprived a number of people of the real joys of eating toast. The toast that jumps from a nickel-plated, double-sided automaton has a uniformity of colour and flavour that compares poorly in the eating with the hand-made product.

'Hand-made toast not only presents a variety of colour and flavour within the one piece, but you can recognise, beneath the application of marmalade, those surface areas which gave most trouble, and are most likely to provide a new experience in toast eating. Hand-made toast-making is preceded by hand-made slicing of the loaf, and it is upon the accuracy of your slicing that the perfection of your toast-making most largely depends. If you are an habitual loaf hacker, or are prone to cut on the bias, you must first correct these faults—either by constant practice or by mechanical means. In extreme cases it may be necessary to scribe the line of cut on the outside of the loaf, in which case a carpenter's square and a pointed skewer are the indicated implements. Slice thickness is governed by individual taste—fairly thick if the slice is to be used for the enthronement of an egg or other foods, rather thinner for marmalade eating. To cut the bread, use the bread knife.

'Now about crusts. To remove or not to remove? The decision must be made and the necessary action taken prior to the heat

processing. Several factors may influence your choice. Are you due to visit the dentist? Do your snappers fit snugly? Do you want to listen-in at marmalade time? Consider all the aspects and decide.

'Now about the heat process. The art of using the toasting fork before an open fire, the balancing of two slices on three prongs, the droppage into the fire, the recovery and reconditioning of dropped slices, poker work to obtain more heat, fender and footstool balancing, finger protection, and so on are virtually things of the past. You will have recourse to that temperamental fitting—the grill on your cooking unit. Lay your slices on the wire thing—it does not matter much if you stand it on its short legs or its long ones. The same thing always happens. If you hover and watch, the bread will take hours to change colour. If you turn away for a split second, black and evil-smelling smoke will tell you that all your preliminary work has been in vain. Toast-making under the grill is a good test of character'.



Hall's Croft, Stratford upon Avon, where an Elizabethan exhibition is now being held

'THAT OWL'

Miss FLORENCE MILNES, Librarian at the B.B.C., has just retired. Speaking in 'Today', she said: 'It was that owl that did it—gave me the final push into my career as the B.B.C. Librarian, I mean. In January 1925 I was appointed research assistant to what was then designated Artistic Director, a post long abolished. My boss's job was to supply ideas for programmes in the British Broadcasting Company. He

thought up a subject for a broadcast and I supplied the background information and data—incidentally wearing down the pavements in endless journeys between Savoy Hill and the British Museum in the process, because there was no library at the B.B.C. in those days. The information which I gathered was then artistically typed and transmitted to various producers. To make sure that everyone knew whence this wisdom came, the Artistic Director had a large seal, on which was depicted a black owl. This was stuck at the top and the bottom of every report.

'How I hated that embarrassing emblem! And, of course, came the day when I could no longer completely control my irritation and I told my boss that owls slept all day and hooted all night. Life was never the same after this remark and we parted company. But by this time I knew that a reference library would be a necessary service to all those engaged in broadcasting and permission was given for its inauguration.

'Equipped with a Bible and a very old encyclopaedia I set out to make a place where producers and programme compilers could be sure of having trained and specialist help from expert librarians. Today there is a central library of wide general interest at Broadcasting House, there are two branch libraries for the use of the B.B.C.'s External Division where the books are mainly of diplomatic and international interest. When B.B.C. Television started up again after the war the first library in the world to be built and specially equipped to suit the requirements of this new medium was added to the main library. From its humble beginnings of two books and no staff, I am now saying goodbye to some 70,000 volumes and nearly a quarter of a million illustrations, and to forty-six of the best staff any one librarian could hope to have. My work has been exciting and full of challenge, and I simply cannot believe that it is thirty-three-and-a-half years since I first saw that owl'.

A Library of Poetry

A. ALVAREZ on a unique collection in the University of Buffalo

THE Lockwood Library is a solid building in the college Greek manner, sitting on the windy campus of the University of Buffalo. And Buffalo itself is a big, ramshackle, ugly provincial city: Wyndham Lewis nicknamed it Nineveh. It was in the news recently when the Federal Bureau of Investigation began a new attack on gangsterism. All in all, it is an unlikely setting for the world's finest collection of twentieth-century English and American poetry.

Five Thousand Worksheets of Poets

Yet the Lockwood Library is unique. Other universities haphazardly gather a few random volumes of modern poetry as the whim takes them; some will even invest in twentieth-century manuscripts, provided of course the author is eminent and dead. But the Lockwood Library, apart from the usual working texts for students, is devoted wholly to modern poetry. It has, on a rough count, 16,000 printed books: first and variant editions of the poets, anthologies, biographies, memoirs, and criticism. It also has about 450 files of magazines, particularly the little magazines where so much of the best verse of our time first appeared. This, by itself, would make a fine enough library; but what really makes the Lockwood Library important is its collection of manuscripts. Sorted away in the stacks are some 5,000 sets of poets' worksheets, the notes, drafts, revisions, and completed texts of every kind of poem, masterpieces and doggerel. They come in all shapes and sizes, from a massive note book of W. H. Auden's, which looks rather like a company ledger, down to William Carlos Williams' prescription blanks, with fragments of verse scribbled on their backs. To reinforce all this are some 4,500 letters, a good many directly from the poets themselves, explaining their methods of composition.

The collection represents a brilliant idea and a prodigious amount of hard work by the librarian, Mr. Charles Abbott. Simply to devote a university library to contemporary poetry was daring enough in 1935. After all, that was long before every American college worth its salt had its resident poet and its courses in Creative Writing. But Mr. Abbott was not content to provide what he has called a 'bibliographer's paradise'. He was fascinated by the creative processes themselves. And so he visited or wrote to every poet with any kind of reputation, and begged them all to send in their worksheets. The idea was to provide not just the finished products but the whole assembly line of as many modern poems as possible. So the Lockwood Library is unique not merely for the material it has but for the principle behind it. It is devoted both to poetry and to what would, I suppose, be called the psychology of creation. It is, in short, wholly a product of the age of analysis.

Nevertheless, on the way to this psychological goal the Lockwood Library has become extraordinarily valuable for understanding modern poetry in more humdrum ways. First, it will preserve the poets from the whims of their editors and the vagaries of their printers. Think of the battalions of fighting footnotes that would never have been loosed upon us if Shakespeare's manuscripts had survived or if the only copy of 'Beowulf' had not been slightly charred. And then think of the often deliberate obscurity of so much modern verse. The best poets have so resolutely set out to make it new, to avoid the obvious word, the obvious thumping metre and the obvious rhymes, that they have, in a way, played into the hands of the editors and emenders of the future. By showing not only what the poets wrote but also what they almost wrote and then thought better of, the Lockwood worksheets may ensure that the poets have the last word on at least some of their own poems.

Second, the collection may be a help in interpreting obscure poems. Seeing the drafts of a poem will not, of course, make the final version less complete in itself or less difficult. For often

the real difficulty comes late: at the precise moment when the author sees how he can gather into one complex phrase all the stray feelings that had been scattered haphazardly through the poem. But though the cancellations will not improve the finished poem, they may help the reader on to the right track. For example, the library's showpiece is a collection of Dylan Thomas' drafts for 'The Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait'. The cases that display them run, as I remember, round three sides of a very large room. I do not think that any amount of poring over the dozens of sheets and thousands of emendations will necessarily make the poem clearer. It is not the kind of poem that has much truck with clarity or the precise definition of experience. It is, instead, a poem of texture, a great monument of surrealist rhetoric; and as such the criterion is the poet's inventiveness with language and metaphor. But pure invention, like pure sound, takes the reader only so far; one needs a few other signposts along the way.

What, for example, is one to make of a line like this: 'The anchor dives through the floors of a church'? In context, it seems like just another way, among many, of saying that the sailor has come home to the land, presumably to die—the 'floors of a church' tell one that; and this has something, obscurely enough, to do with a submerged village. But the drafts of the poem add quite another dimension. Apparently, the line began life with a heavy-handed manipulation of the usual unconscious symbols. It began as 'The mast-high anchor dives through a cleft'. But the poet steadily tried to refine away from that initial crudity; first he tried to introduce the idea of journey's end, so he wrote: 'The anchor dives through closing paths'. Then came a contrast between the sea and the fecundity of the land: but unfortunately it was just fantasy. It was: 'The anchor dives among hayricks'. Then finally the symbols, journey's end and death, all came together in his last version: 'The anchor dives through the floors of a church'. The drafts, in fact, show where the thing started—the direction in which it is moving and the kind of effort the poet was willing to make in order not to be obvious. They show, in short, that there is care and a kind of rhetorical brainwork behind what appears at first to be a haphazard piling on of effects.

The Man Revealed

And this is the third use of a collection of worksheets: it shows the kind of poet a man is: how much he revises and what he revises for; whether, like Pope, his work comes easily and then has to be cut down, or whether he accretes a poem slowly, painfully, from dull beginnings. There is much to be learned by comparing, say, Mozart's lucid manuscripts, where the corrections are occasional and confident, with Beethoven's illegible, tortured mare's nests. Or consider William Carlos Williams, who has presented a great stack of worksheets to the Lockwood Library. His poems often appear to me to be less poetry, in the strong sense, than Americana, random jottings on interesting but haphazard bits of American city life, unformed and inconclusive. Yet all of them have gone through endless elaborate revisions. So one begins to realise that the vividness of his little scenes when they are vivid depends on the actual shape of the poems on the page, or, as Karl Shapiro suggested, that the metre itself is, in a way, visual. In short, the early drafts will not make a poem better in itself but they will help one understand the kind of effect a poet is after, the kind of work he can and cannot do.

Finally, there is the matter of self-criticism. Crashaw, for example, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Yeats all revised or even completely rewrote a number of their poems, often a long time after they first appeared in print. So the later versions are, as it were, criticisms of the early poems by their own authors;

they are ways of showing where the earlier versions failed and what the poet in his maturity thinks he was really after.

The Lockwood Library, then, is, in a sense, a feat of imagination in a realm where that kind of daring is about as rare as a good summer in England. Why, then, does one have certain misgivings about it? And I for one do have misgivings. The reason, I suppose, is that although the collection has none of the ponderous conservatism of most university libraries, it is still part of an institution. And so there is a danger of institutionalising the very material that it is trying to preserve in all its original freshness. I do not mean that once a poet is invited to send his worksheets to Buffalo he can then sit back and imagine that he is safely fixed in his niche in literature, already part of the university syllabus. On the contrary, I doubt if an invitation will do any more than cheer him up and make him think that *someone*, at least, has read and liked his work. Nevertheless, however much the Lockwood collection owes to one man's bright idea and one man's hard work, it is not a private collection. It is there for the benefit of researchers. And there are, in America at least, far more Ph.D.s than genuine subjects for them. It is as though a man writes a poem in Connecticut and, almost before the ink is dry, a graduate student in Nebraska has started to write a thesis about it. Yet this does not make a poet's work more important or unique. The writer becomes just another thesis topic, and the manuscripts over which he has sweated, with all their mess, impatience, excitement, and boredom, have become just so much useful evidence for an academic theory.

Understanding the Creative Art?

The institutionalising of the living, however, is a minor evil, inevitable whenever scholarship grows larger than what it feeds on. But the Lockwood collection originally had behind it, as I mentioned at the beginning, a more ominous idea: that by studying a poet's worksheets one might eventually be able to understand the nature of the creative act itself. Whether or not this will ever happen none of us is likely to know; psychology will have to become a good deal more delicate and complex before the library's materials can be used for much except rough generalisations. But there is still the question of whether or not one wants it to happen. Psychology may eventually tell us a great deal about poets, but will it ever say very much about poems? Will knowing how a poet writes ever make much difference to what he writes? Or, to put it yet another way, is one interested in the inspiration or in what the poet has done with it?

Personally, I think the answer is clear: the worksheets show how the first loose approximations are tightened up until they are brought to the lucid inevitability of real poetry; but what started it all off seems to me almost entirely beside the point. For the process has little or nothing to do with the psychopathology of inspiration, or whatever you want to call it, and it has everything to do with the poetic intelligence. A poet is a man with a special gift for a special medium, language and insight; he is able to think in terms of his medium, just as a musician thinks in sounds, a sculptor thinks in physical masses, a mathematician in symbols, or a philosopher in abstractions or logical forms. Obviously, this kind of thinking has nothing to do with reaching certain general conclusions and then translating these into stone or notes or metaphor. It is a matter of exploring the potentialities of the medium itself. In recent years, for example, one major philosophical poem at least has been written: Eliot's 'Four Quartets'. But there is no question of Eliot's being an original philosopher. Instead, he experiences philosophical ideas; that is, he shows the relevance and dignity ideas assume when they impinge on a poet's sensibility. The revisions and corrections, the false starts of a poet's worksheets, reveal, then, far more about the calibre of his artistic intelligence, about his ability to deal responsibly with his material, than they reveal about its nature and origins. In short, the interest is critical, not psychological.

I suggest, then, that bothering too much about the making of a poem is a substitute for bothering about poetry itself. One of the remarkable things about recent years is the steady decline in the interest in poetry and the steady rise in the interest in poets. It is as though the standards of the gutter press—what they call the 'human interest angle'—were taking over even in the arts. It is no longer enough that someone writes good poems; in order

to be read, he must also have a personal myth: he must have walked off with his professor's wife, drunk himself to death, or given public lectures on his personal weaknesses (preferably, of course, to American universities). In short, he is expected to go through his poetic act for the benefit of those whose idea of art derives from *The Moon and Sixpence* and *The Outsider*. Perhaps this new fashion in curiosity may make it easier for one or two writers to make a living. But it will not improve the value of their work by one single jot.

Ways of Writing

Neither will their confessions about their ways of writing. It does not really help much to know that one poet could write only when locked in a soundproof box, or another needed a background of jazz records, or a third always chewed opium or coughdrops or whatever it was. If a poet is continually harping on how he writes, the chances are that he is unsure of the value of what he writes, as though he felt it needed something more to make it interesting. For 'how' and 'what' in art have normally little to do with each other. There is, for example, a powerful passage in *Death in Venice* when Aschenbach, the ageing literary giant, composes his masterpiece while gloating over the sight of the Polish boy with whom he has become infatuated. 'Verily', comments Thomas Mann, 'it is well for the world that it sees only the beauty of the completed work and not its origins nor the conditions whence it sprang; since the knowledge of the artist's inspiration might often but confuse and alarm and so prevent the full effect of its excellence'. As though to prove how much the artist spoils the work of art, Robert Graves recently tried, in his book *The Crowning Privilege*, to judge English poetry by his personal opinions of the poets. And he found himself left, of course, with almost no poetry at all.

I wonder, in fact, if the desire to probe into how a poem came to be written is not an implicit denial of the nature of the completed work. Ten years ago there appeared a collection of essays on the Lockwood manuscripts; it was called *Poets at Work* and it showed that the worksheets have, at least, one thing in common: what one of the contributors, Professor Stauffer called 'the drive towards impersonality'. The poet, that is, often begins with some trivial personal event—a walk, a squabble, the sack, a parting—but, after a little, ideas and images turn up that are often only tenuously connected with his original personal situation. It is when these take over that the real business of poetry begins: the business of using the personal disturbance to give to the objective theme its own vivid life. When the poet has done this he has created an independent object in the public world. Like a child grown up, it has to fend for itself as best it may. He has nothing more to do with it—its beginnings are, at best, only case history. This, presumably, is why Coleridge said that 'a second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself'. Coleridge went on to describe Shakespeare at work in this way: stressing the impersonality—'himself, meanwhile, unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement, which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit, in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated'. If Coleridge is right, then the attempt to understand the nature of poetry by working backwards from the finished poem to its scrappy sources is essentially a lack of respect for the whole creative effort.

To Serve Poems or Poets?

The Lockwood Library at Buffalo has, then, the finest and most extraordinary collection of modern poetry in the world. But there is quite simply the question of how it is to be used: to serve the poems or the poets? Will it be used to provide the clearest understanding of the best versions of twentieth-century poems? Or will it be used as a museum of psychological curiosities, devoted not to poems but to the mystique of being a poet? Poetry is the profoundest and most moving expression of everything that most concerns us. But poets are, for the most part, a conceited, jealous, unpleasant lot. The more, I suggest, we know about their work and the less we know about them, the better for everyone.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

How I Found Fun in Soviet Russia

By FAUBION BÓWERS

A FEW months ago, when I went to Soviet Russia, I determined that I would not look at factories or inspect collective farms. What I really wanted to see was what fun in Russia is like. 'Fun in Russia?' said an American friend. 'Isn't that a contradiction in terms?' I did not know.

I had been in Moscow for about a month. Every week I went to the Bolshoi, where I watched the ponderous magnificence of ballets or the faded elegance and barbarism of opera; at the Moscow Arts Theatre, where I saw re-enactments of Russia's past. I was enjoying myself immensely, but it was not exactly fun. One day I invited a young Russian friend of mine to the theatre. He looked at me cautiously and said: 'What theatre?'

I had not really thought. 'What would you like to see?' I said.

Still rather suspicious, he said: 'I suppose you want to go to something cultural'.

'Is that what you want to go to?'

'Well, no. I'm sick of things that the Government feels are good, or good for us. Let's go to the Teatr Estrady'.

I was still at that stage of ignorance and unfamiliarity with the Soviet Union where a Russian or a Communist had only to say 'I'll telephone you tomorrow', or something like that for me to think it was a statement of great import. I found it astonishing that, for the first time, a Russian had made a crack about either culture or the government. I waited with considerable impatience to see what his choice in the varied diet of Moscow's theatre world would be.

He took me to a kind of miniature Broadway or Piccadilly with several theatres scattered about. The Teatr Estrady seats only a few hundred people, and despite the barrenness of the auditorium's decor, it has an



Advanced students of ballet in the U.S.S.R., who are sometimes to be seen in performances at the Teatr Estrady



A scene from 'Chanita's Kiss' at the Operetta Theatre, Moscow

intimate feeling about it.

'This is the only place in town where you can hear jazz—real jazz', my friend said. And, sure enough, one did. A six-piece band started off very cheerfully. They played 'Lullaby from Birdland', 'Say It Isn't So', 'It's a Sin to Tell a Lie'—songs that I had not heard for a long time. The audience was enraptured when the trumpeters in their midnight-blue evening jackets and *boutonnieres* stood up and tooted their bravura passages to the heavens—all in the best

tradition. Then a man came out and told jokes which made us laugh. One I especially liked. A man is trying to get the attention of some passers-by. They ignore him. He calls out *Druzya!* (friends). They continue on their way. He calls out *Tovarishchi!* (comrades). They look at him but do not stop. When he shouts: *Grazhdanye!* (citizens), they all snap to attention. He says nothing. This was, my friend explained, a barb at the Government: the only way it can get the people's attention, he said, is to remind them of the power of the state.

Then a young American boy and girl, dressed in teenage style of blue jeans, suede saddle shoes, and peach-coloured polo

shirts, played the guitar and sang songs which I had not heard before. They were a remnant from the Youth Festival the previous summer. 'We'd like them better if they played rock 'n' roll', said my friend. 'They're too quiet'.

A handsome conjurer followed. He did some impressive tricks. Everything in Russia is always just slightly different from what the foreigner is used to—and so, instead of rabbits coming out of hats, goldfish did; instead of the Soviet flag, like the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack with us, being pulled out of nowhere, it was Picasso's dove of peace. Then some acrobatics—the Russians have an absolute genius for them—a folk song or two, and the programme was over.

I saw a number of shows there. A Concert Ensemble came all the way from Asiatic Russia and regaled Moscow with fire dances, tricks with cockatoos and trained sheep, and songs. Another time the best variety artists from Leningrad, Minsk, and the Baltic provinces did their tricks. Finally, one week, the great Leningrad comedian, Arkadi Raikin, was announced. In our terms, Raikin can be compared to a Danny Kaye or a Max Bygraves, but in a way he is a more important person than either of those two artists. My friend said to me 'Even the Government listens to Raikin'. He then told me a story.

Once, soon after the war, Raikin performed for Stalin in a command performance. It was biting winter and the fuel shortage



Scene from Lehár's 'The Merry Widow' at the Operetta Theatre

was acute. Red tape was even worse. Raikin appeared carrying an enormous sack. Where is he going, his friend asks, and he replies that he is on his way to the Ministry of Fuel to get some wood. The friend shakes his head at such optimism, and when Raikin reappears, this time with his sack bulging, the friend says, 'Amazing! You really got your wood so quickly?'

'Wood?' says Raikin. 'These are just the forms I have to fill in.'

'But didn't they give you any wood?'

'Oh, yes'. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a matchstick. And, my friend added, Stalin changed the regulations shortly after that.

Raikin is a fast-patter and quick-change artist. His programme, the night I saw him, was a masterpiece of jokes and skits, one coming after the other in brilliant sequence. One long scene was a spoof of the Revolution: all its confusions, the post-revolutionary unemployment, and mistakes were amusingly depicted.

Raikin's programme could be performed as naturally at the Palladium or the Roxy in New York as in Moscow. Indeed, one item he performed needs no translation. It was called 'Hotel Intourist', and Raikin, all alone, changing from a man to a woman, from a young woman to an old man, in rapid succession, speaks gibberish. He is giving the impression of the delegations from all over the world—American, Egyptian, Indian—in all their irascibility, who come to the hotel desk to demand this or that. Except for the song interludes during the performance, the audience never stopped laughing. Nor did I.

The Evening of Ballet

One Monday, the day that all Moscow theatres are closed, my friend telephoned me. 'Tonight at the Estrady is the Evening of Ballet. I wouldn't mind going to that'. This, it turned out, is a regular feature, when the stars of the Bolshoi come to the Estrady and dance excerpts of ballet.

No programmes are printed for these evenings, and in a kind of pot-luck you never know whom you will be seeing. I was fortunate. Golovkina, one of the best but ageing ballerinas of the Soviet Union, danced passages from 'Don Quixote', and I saw the superlative Bigak brothers just beginning their careers. The audience on that Monday evening seemed somehow different from the other nights at the Estrady. I asked my friend about it. 'Oh', he said, 'these are the intelligentsia. I must warn you, be careful what you say. They listen and overhear you. On other nights, it's just the workers who come. They don't care what anyone thinks'.

One day, my friend said to me: 'There's an operetta I very much want to see'. Somehow operettas seemed out of place in the particular climate of Moscow. But then, if there was an Estrady theatre, why not one for operettas too? My friend went on to say that he had tried every means but was unable to get a ticket. Would I, please, use my influence as a foreigner. Often, during my stay, Russian friends have taken me to the box offices of theatres and cinemas, introduced me as a foreigner, shown off my bad accent in Russian and in this way have got seats instantly.

My friend insisted on paying for the tickets. This rather distressed me, because I knew he was a building contractor—with a salary of 800 roubles a month (around £30)—and this is not much. But Russians are careful to pay. 'Now you will see decadent art', he said as we sped along in the taxi.

'You mean operetta is decadent?'

'No, no. Just this one. We're going to see "The Ball at the Savoy".'

We arrived early, and the crowd outside hurrying into the theatre or standing around waiting to buy black-market tickets was enormous. 'No', we said repeatedly, 'we have no tickets to sell'. 'No', we said to some others, 'not even for 30 roubles'—double the price of our tickets.

The audience, on the whole, was young—full of soldiers with their girl-friends, some teddy-boy types, and students. It was also the noisiest audience I had ever seen in Moscow. The buzz of conversation, punctured with high-pitched giggles, gave an air of expectancy to the performance, and seemed strange in Moscow which normally is a quiet and subdued city.

'The Ball at the Savoy' was a recently composed operetta. Paul Abraham—a Russian I had never heard of—had written the

music. The story is laid in Cannes, and tells of Aristide and Madeleine who are soon to be married. Enter the Other Woman in Aristide's life; she says that if he takes her to the forthcoming ball at the Savoy Hotel she will surrender the love letters he once wrote her. I think the plot needs no further explanation. The climax takes place, of course, at the Savoy Hotel, where during the masked ball—complete with a special floor show—there are cases of mistaken identity, telephone calls answered by the wrong people, and, inevitably, Aristide and the Other Woman have a private dining-room right next to Madeleine and her escort. All is discovered, and all is forgiven.

For some time after the curtain went up I thought the operetta was a parody—an operetta to end all operettas, a wild, insane mockery of the West and particularly of the giddy life of the south of France. I was mistaken. It was seriously performed, and although it was openly a farce, it was soberly presented. The sets were extraordinary. Aristide's villa is dominated by two little stuffed woolly monkeys in the centre of the room. Off to one side was an enormous cat rug, the head of which was the size of an outsize ottoman, complete with whiskers and sharp teeth. The costumes ranged from the men in full dress at all hours of the morning to women in green linen with huge dolls painted on their skirts, or strange black-and-orange concoctions with pink scarves tied on to the sleeves and dangling aimlessly.

Among the highlights of the evening—for me, at least—I remember especially the drinking of green chartreuse out of a whisky bottle at nine in the morning, swallowed in one gulp like vodka, and the explanation of the '1,001-nights cocktail'—a mixture of 'gin, whisky, vodka, cognac, and spirits'. For the Russians, the big moment came when Daisy, Madeleine's dear friend, dances the kangaroo. The kangaroo is announced as a new kind of dance and it is very close to jitterbugging. The music for it is a cross between swing and rock 'n' roll. This is a show stopper, and Daisy had to repeat it the night I saw it. The lines which received the biggest laughs were two: once when the mother says of the Other Woman 'Why doesn't she conduct her affairs discreetly, like all the rest of us?'; and, at another point, when the uncle is about to be killed and he stands up and says his last words—'Long Live the Soviet Union'.

The music captivated the audience and I found myself spending my time identifying the tunes. There was 'Shine on, Harvest Moon', 'Champagne Song', 'Ain't She Sweet?', 'I'm Happy', 'Making Whoopee', and many other 'steals', all chained together in a mystic formula of four bars of each, one after the other. I certainly had had a good, if strange, time. But I left the theatre uneasy. If this is how they see us—even in a comic operetta, even in a bantering joke about life in Cannes—I felt that understanding had still a long road to go. The newspapers had unanimously attacked 'The Ball at the Savoy' as 'degenerate', 'decadent', 'westernised', and generally unseemly. Despite this, the public flocked to it. 'Well, I'm glad I saw it', my friend said. 'Tonight was the last performance'.

'Why?' I asked. 'There's nothing wrong with it. I rather hated the West after seeing it. That shouldn't offend the officials'.

'I don't know. The newspapers won out after all, against the public. Maybe it's best off the boards'.

Charming and Gay

I often went to the Operetta Theatre after that. I never saw anything as startling as 'The Ball at the Savoy'. But what I did see was charming and gay: romantic song and dance plays, lovely melodies of the Franz Lehar type, jolly Spanish and Mexican stories complete with guitars and castanets—one of them was called 'Chanita's Kiss'—Russian for 'Juanita'. I saw tender love stories of old Vienna. I heard people whistling these melodies with the spontaneity of a Hit Parade tune. All the old *chichés* of operetta, which have almost vanished in the West, are still popular in the U.S.S.R. And all the things the Russians see at their Operetta Theatre they rarely see in their daily lives—formal dress, sports clothes, evening dresses, luxuries, the gilded manners of the past.

Whenever now I feel gloomy or grim, I think of my evenings spent at the Estrady and the Operetta Theatre. They were certainly the most pleasurable moments of my time in the U.S.S.R. I had found at last what I wanted—fun in Russia.

Third Programme

On Meeting Some Famous Victorians

By SIR ARTHUR RICHMOND

WHEN I look back to the days of my childhood in the eighties and nineties of the last century I see a constant procession of men and women coming to my father's house many of whom are now historical figures. Though many of them were playing an important part in the world and particularly in the world of every form of art in their day, to me as a child, they were just 'grown-ups'—members of the normal adult world in which my parents lived.



William Morris and Burne-Jones: a cartoon by Max Beerbohm
By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

It never occurred to me that any of them were particularly important or different from other adults and—with one or two exceptions (particularly Mr. Gladstone and William Morris)—they did not inspire me with any of that kind of awe with which the young can be, I think unwisely, made to regard those whom their parents tell them are what is called 'distinguished'.

Painters like Burne-Jones, Leighton, Millais, and Holman Hunt; writers like Walter Pater, Robert Louis Stevenson, Andrew Lang, and Thackeray's daughter Lady Richmond Ritchie; actors like Frank Benson, Forbes Robertson, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell; musicians like Hubert Parry and George Henschel; poets like Robert Browning and that strange dynamic figure William Morris all passed through my consciousness and each left something more than an impression behind. All those different and, in the main, unusual personalities exerted an influence on the mind of the child that I was, and laid the foundation of certain habits of thought and taste and perhaps too of standards of judgement which affected the whole of my life.

Certain incidents of which I was a witness and others related to me by one or other of my parents built up a picture in my mind of individual men and women which may not wholly coincide with the one which has been carried into history. For instance, I do not think that any conception can be derived from, or any impression conveyed by, the paint-

ings of Burne-Jones of his dancing sense of fun: of his delightful humour and of the comic caricatures of himself he used to draw in the letters he wrote to his friends.

One Sunday morning in or about 1887 I was playing alone in the garden when there was a rather timid ring on the bell that hung inside the wall near the door that opened into our garden and gave access to our house. As I was near I went to open it, and there stood a figure correctly dressed in black, with a round, kindly face. It belonged to Walter Pater who was at that time at the height of his fame. He asked if my parents were in, and together we walked the

fifty yards up the path that led to the front door and I do not know which of us was the more shy or speechless. I took him into our sitting-room and soon he and my father were in earnest, tranquil conversation. And then there came another and altogether different ring on the garden bell—this time a loud, persistent, assertive clang. A moment later in strode William Morris.

Dressed in a blue blouse with untidy trousers and disordered hair and beard Morris offered a complete contrast to the demure, correct figure of Pater. In each hand he carried a glass goblet which he had just had made and now presented to my mother. As he did so he pointed out their noble proportions: their vast content, each capable of containing nearly a bottle of champagne, goblets fit for Vikings to drink from. (I still possess those goblets.) But once started on talk he could not stop. He seemed literally

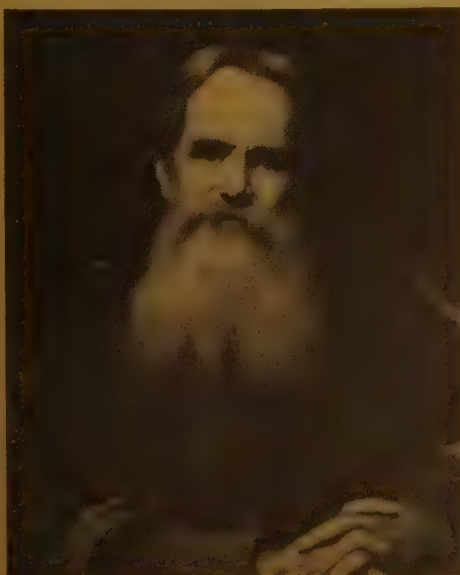
to be bursting with what he wanted to say, and as he walked restlessly about the room he described the wonderful hours he had spent that morning when inspiration seemed to flow effortlessly from him and he had written dozens—or was it hundreds?—of lines of verse. There was no hint of boastfulness about what he said; he was just unable to contain the pressure of exuberant vitality and delight in the force that had possessed him, and he had to let it escape. When there came a pause in the torrent of his enthusiasm a still, quiet voice came from the corner of the room where Pater was sitting.

'Have you? Have you really? This morning I wrote a sentence'.

To the young, Morris was intimidating. I think he did not like boys, and his loud emphatic way of speaking, his fierce denunciations of the ugliness and injustices created by an industrial economy took one into a wholly unfamiliar and rather frightening world utterly removed from the sheltered, civilised environment in which we, as children, were growing up.



Walter Pater: sketch by a contemporary



William Holman Hunt: a portrait by W. B. Richmond

National Portrait Gallery

There is a story, whether apocryphal or not I do not know, but which certainly illustrates one aspect of his character. As he was striding down King Street, Hammersmith, a policeman, who knew him well, touched him on the shoulder and whispered shyly that an important button on his trousers was exposed to view. Instantly came the retort before any attempt was made by Morris to verify the accuracy of the policeman's observation, 'Damn it all, sir, so have you!'

But with all his exuberance, courage, and habit of emphatic assertion Morris must have been sensitive to public opinion. One day at a party my father was talking to Oscar Wilde when Morris came up boiling with indignation at the treatment given by the press to a book he had just published. 'The press ignores me', he angrily exclaimed, 'there's a conspiracy of silence about my book'. The immediate comment of Oscar Wilde was characteristic: 'Why not join it, Morris?' he said.

Among memories of many other artists and writers who came to our house a clear picture remains in my mind of Holman Hunt (who incidentally was my godfather). There could be no doubt about his sincerity, his complete conviction that art should be the servant of religion, and the courage with which he adhered consistently throughout his long life to the principles on which the artistic movement of the Pre-Raphaelites was based. He used to tell at great length of his adventures in Palestine and I remember one evening when he began a story during dinner at about seven o'clock, continued it afterwards in the drawing-room, adjourned to my father's study when my mother went to bed, and finally finished it somewhere about midnight, when he had to spend the night in our house.

It was, I believe, while in Palestine that, he told us, he had learnt how to leave his body and pursue adventures independently of his physical being. Afterwards he said he had had to give up the practice as he found that each time he left his body it became more difficult to return to it.

We used to hear much of spiritualism in those days. Our house had the reputation of being haunted and many investigations were carried out, by those who were attempting to enter into communication with beings in another world, into the curious manifestations that occurred. One of the most ardent believers in spiritualism was Mrs. de Morgan, the mother of William de Morgan, an old lady of well over eighty who persuaded my mother to let her attempt to exorcise the troublesome spirits. I do not know if her son shared her interest, but when he came to England in the summer (the winter he spent for many years in Italy) he would come to Beavor Lodge to keep us all enchanted by the stories of, so far as I remember, his misadventures. He spoke in a high-pitched voice which varied little in tone, and would tell us, with the most subtle humour, stories of the accidents he had had in making experiments with wholly inadequate apparatus to discover new kinds of glazes for the pottery he designed and made. On one occasion he nearly blew up both himself and his house in Chelsea. He and his wife seemed to be pursued by domestics who turned out to be drunkards or worse and I remember his describing quietly, dramatically but with an air of completely detached amusement, how he had had to carry a drunken cook out of the house, put her into a four-wheeler, and dispatch her home; after which he and his wife discovered that there was nothing whatever to eat in the house—and it was Sunday!

One hot summer's day in 1886 Sidney Colvin brought Robert

Louis Stevenson to be painted, and the story of what happened was afterwards recorded by Mrs. Mackail—the daughter of Burne-Jones—who was present. She, her husband, Burne-Jones, and an Italian artist named Meo all came to lunch. Afterwards, as my father painted, they talked of what they would really have liked to have been. Burne-Jones said that he wished he could have been a pirate or an Arab sheik. Stevenson, too, wanted a life of adventure; and then they fell to telling ghost stories: to discussing suicide: to comparing notes on the extent to which they were frightened of policemen. Finally, as my father went on quietly painting, they started to invent descriptions of the imaginary crimes they had committed. Suddenly in walked the parlour maid

to announce that a policeman was at the door. Complete silence fell. The atmosphere of imaginary crime had so gripped their imaginations that everyone felt uneasy, and Stevenson himself turned pale. The Italian was the first to recover. 'It may be me he wants', he said anxiously, and went out to see. When he got to the door there was no policeman. My father, impishly, had told the maid to announce his call, and when Meo returned with the truth there was a shout of laughter: each confessed to having had an uncomfortable sense of guilt and fear, and then the imaginary stories went on while my father finished his sketch.

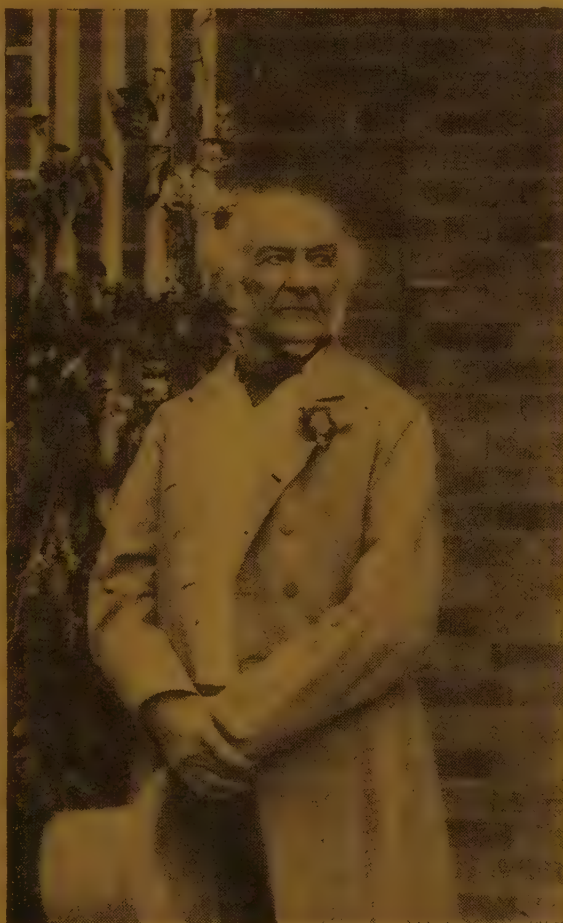
Although painters, musicians, writers, and actors formed the majority of those who came to our house, there were others: diplomats, politicians, and men of affairs who came by virtue of their interest in art in one or other of its various forms.

One summer's day in 1892 I was again alone in the garden, but now a boy of thirteen. Again the bell rang and once more I went to open the garden door. A carriage had drawn up and out of it emerged a tall, impressive, aged but upright figure: there was no mistaking who he was, it was Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister at the age of eighty-three and fresh from the successful second reading in the House of Commons of his Bill for Home Rule for Ireland.

My father came forward and warmly congratulated him on his success. I was introduced and he spoke kindly to me, but he waved my father's congratulations aside as he said calmly that the Bill had no chance of becoming law as it would be thrown out of the House of Lords. Then he went into the house to find relaxation in talking of the Italy they both knew so well and of that occasion when, in my father's presence, Mr. Gladstone had astonished the monks of the great Benedictine Monastery on Monte Cassino by addressing them in fluent Italian on the influence exercised on Christendom from within its walls.—*Home Service*

Last year the total value of grants made by the Pilgrim Trust since its foundation in 1930 reached a figure of over £3,000,000. One of the largest contributions made was of £150,000 towards the cost of restoring the historic buildings of Oxford University. The Trust also bore the cost of repairing a collection of historical law books belonging to the Faculty of Advocates to the Scottish nation, as a memorial to Lord Macmillan, a former Chairman of the Trust. Another notable contribution was towards the cost of publishing the recent important study of *The Bayeux Tapestry*, published by the Phaidon Press. These facts are recorded in the Trust's *Twenty-Seventh Annual Report 1957*.

Two of the latest 'Nelson Classics' now published are Conrad's *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *The Mirror of the Sea*, and his *Tales of Hearsay and Suspense* (Nelson, 6s. each).



Mr. Gladstone: 'a tall, impressive, aged but upright figure'

Hulton Picture Library

Evolution in Action—IV

The Natural History of Man

By C. D. DARLINGTON

AS we have been told, long before Darwin men who thought for themselves had come to reject the Bible story of creation. They had put together their ideas of transformation and of the descent of man from the lower animals. They had discussed the means of transformation and the adaptation of living beings to changing conditions. They had considered man as an animal. They had shown how he could be studied in his physical and mental and moral character by the methods of natural history. Until 100 years ago however—significantly in our own country until just 1858—education was effectively in the hands of the Church. The more strongly these opinions came to be held, therefore, the more vigorously was their propagation repressed. So we have the first extraordinary episode in this history. It is that Victorian scientists had to rediscover the Georgian ideas of evolution. And it was Charles Darwin, almost alone, who did it.

One by one Darwin developed the great ideas we associate with his name: natural selection, sexual selection, the arguments from domestication, and from population-pressure, the study of geographical variation and isolation, the evidence of comparative anatomy and embryology, the modes of hybridisation and the advantages of hybridity; and last of all the analysis of mind and morals.

Darwin, according to the habit of his day, referred to no antecedents for these great arguments and theories. The ideas of his grandfather, Erasmus, which were so like his own, had not helped him. 'The history of error', he writes to Huxley in June 1859 'is quite unimportant'. Darwin's contribution to science was not, however, what he or his friends imagined. What, in fact, did he contribute?

Darwin's Two Gifts

Darwin had none of the dash or style of his Georgian predecessors. He had little of their historical or philosophical imagination. And he distrusted ideas. What he had were two gifts, both of them inherited. The first was a rare gift for patiently joining observations with ideas and patiently building a system out of them. The second was an equally rare gift, a fortune; a fortune which made him his own master and gave him time for his enormous job. The two together resulted in his achievement. And that achievement has proved to be, in a sense, the largest coherent piece of intellectual work ever attempted by one man. His genius, indeed, consisted in an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Not only his character but also his opportunities put Darwin in a stronger position than his predecessors in fighting for the new ideas. Erasmus Darwin, William Lawrence, and other daring pioneers had been medical in training and profession. We may call them medical evolutionists. Consequently they had begun with man. But Charles Darwin began rather with the earth. He began with circumnavigating the globe. He saw the earth and the movements of plants and animals over it. And hence he learnt to see the history of the earth and of the plants and animals in it. He might have picked up his idea of natural selection either from his grandfather's or from Malthus' remarks on human population. But he knew he was safer to begin with plants and animals; safer indeed to leave man out of his picture altogether.

For these reasons when Darwin, after twenty years, finally dared to publish his views on the origin of species, he was careful not to mention the one matter that everyone else was most interested in—the origin of our own species. He mentioned man twice. He mentioned monkeys once. But he did not mention any connection between them. Thus, when the great moment came, those who were waiting to defend traditional belief found themselves attacked from the rear. At once they tried to recover

their position by shifting the argument to man, to Adam and Eve, to belief in the scriptures. But this time it was too late.

It was too late but none the less the discussion which followed was violent and prolonged. It was also confused. For these reasons the enduring questions have never been clearly defined. Now seems to be an opportunity for doing so.

The first and broader question is: What does the theory of evolution, with its consequence, the study of the natural history of man, mean for man's attitude to life? The second and narrower question is: What does it mean for man's own evolution, for man's own future—or destiny, to use Lawrence's word? Let us take the broader question first.

Effect on Our Attitude to Life

The bearing of evolution on our attitude towards life depends entirely on how we suppose evolution to be caused, directed, or controlled. Before Darwin there were two opposed views, both foreshadowed by his grandfather. One view was espoused by Lamarck and later by a string of philosophers and historians. It assumed that all change was the result of a direct interaction of organisms and their environment. It was inherent in life that organisms should change to become fitted to the conditions in which they lived. It was in the nature of things that, once life had begun, it should improve and also diversify.

This seems to mean merely that evolution happened because it had to happen. Or, in popular language, a divine purpose guides the universe towards a desirable goal. This looks like no more than inspired truism. But it is not. It differs from a truism in that it pretends to rest on the evidence of observation. It pretends to be natural history. Stags come to grow antlers in the mating season, says Lamarck, because their ancestors had always been so very angry at this season. Our brains grow so very large, says Herbert Spencer, because our ancestors have thought so hard. The effects of habit and experience are inherited. These are not truisms. They are assumptions about materials and events which we can test. Are the effects of our efforts inherited by our children? If we acquire some education are they born more educable than we were? If this were true it would explain a great deal of evolution. It would also encourage a great deal of education. Perhaps that is why so many otherwise educated people regard the proposition as self-evident: heredity they hope, or they believe, is slightly soft.

Unfortunately neither Lamarck nor his recent Russian disciple, Lysenko, nor anyone between them, has been able to bring forward evidence, reproducible evidence, that this theory of soft heredity and direct adaptation is true. The public has always believed it. But already when Darwin was a young man no scientist would admit it. There was an alternative view, resting on the struggle and competition of Erasmus Darwin and the 'selections and exclusions' of Lawrence. But this alternative was suppressed and almost forgotten. Racking his brain to find an answer to this question, and inspired by Malthus' observation that few of those who are born live to breed, Darwin came to the same alternative solution as his predecessors: selective breeding by nature on the analogy of stock breeding by man explained evolutionary change.

Beginning of a Conflict

The theory of selection as Darwin (and also Wallace) stated it in 1858 seems simple and self-evident. It assumes that man breeds not all his peas and pigeons, but only selected ones. In this way he produces new races of peas or pigeons; in the same way nature breeds not all plants and animals but only selected ones, and in this way Nature produces new species of plants and animals. Nature selects those she favours and discards or

(continued on page 164)

NEWS DIARY

July 23-29

Wednesday, July 23

Mr. Khrushchev informs Western Powers that he is willing to attend a 'summit' conference within the Security Council at New York

The Governor of Cyprus states that 1,450 Greek and Turkish Cypriots have been arrested as a security measure

King Hussein of Jordan says that he would like to see more British and American troops in his country

Thursday, July 24

The leaders of the Western Powers consider their replies to Mr. Khrushchev's proposals about a 'summit' meeting

The Commons are informed that the new security measures in Cyprus will be followed by determined action against further violence

The Home Secretary is to arrange an inquiry into the increase in the number of convictions for drunkenness among young people

Friday, July 25

President Eisenhower replies to Mr. Khrushchev about the proposed 'summit' conference

General protest strike by Greek Cypriots is ended

Saturday, July 26

H.M. the Queen creates her son, Charles, Prince of Wales

General de Gaulle informs Mr. Khrushchev that he would prefer the 'summit' conference to be held in Europe

An American earth satellite is successfully launched from Cape Canaveral, Florida

Sunday, July 27

Mr. Dulles sees the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary at 10 Downing Street

The Governor of Cyprus makes another appeal for the ending of violence in the island

The Duke of Edinburgh begins a three-day visit to the West Country

Monday, July 28

Meeting of signatories of Baghdad Pact (apart from Iraq) is held in London. United States promises co-operation in security and defence

Mr. Khrushchev sends letters to Western Powers about proposed 'summit' talks on Middle East

Tuesday, July 29

An attempt is made to assassinate the Prime Minister of Lebanon

More murders are reported in Cyprus as a result of communal strife

Committee reporting to Home Secretary unanimously recommends restrictions on publicity about preliminary hearings in criminal proceedings in magistrates' courts



Mr. Harold Macmillan speaking at the opening of the fifth conference of the ministerial council of the Baghdad Pact at Lancaster House, London, on July 28. On the Prime Minister's left are Mr. Hay Whitney, United States Ambassador in London, and Mr. John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, who attended as an observer



T. A. Robinson (left), the Bahama's only entry at the Commonwealth Games, winning a gold medal for his country: he is seen during the final of the men's 220 yards race last week which he won in twenty-one seconds



In a recorded message introduced by the Duke of Edinburgh at the closing ceremony of the Commonwealth Games at Cardiff last Saturday, the Queen announced that she was creating her son, Charles, Prince of Wales. In this photograph the heir to the throne (who will be ten in November) is seen walking back to Cheam School from morning service at Headley Church, Hampshire, on Sunday



Margaret watching a rodeo held during her visit to William's Lake, Brush Columbia, on July 18



President Nasser clasping the hand of the Iraqi Minister of Justice, Mustphy Ali, during a rally in Cairo on July 22 marking the sixth anniversary of the revolution in Egypt. Mustphy Ali led a delegation representing Iraq's new regime



A Welsh mountain pony and her foal—both prizewinners at the Royal Welsh Show held at Bangor, North Wales, last week

(continued from page 161)

eliminates those she does not favour, just as we do. What could be more harmless or more obvious? But put against the background of the popular or religious alternative which it was meant to displace—the theory of providential, or guided, or automatic progress—this idea takes on a sinister complexion. For the 'Nature' it calls upon to undertake the work of selection, unlike man, has no purpose and no goal. The changes it favours are not predestined to be improvements. Progress is not inevitable. Instead of a convergence on desirable ends we are offered only a divergence from unknown beginnings. Instead of a spiritual guidance there is a material determinism in whose operation blind accident plays a small but necessary part.

Arguing about Natural Selection

Thus the conflict between natural selection and automatic progress is much deeper today than the conflict between evolution and creation. It is also more important, for the argument about evolution concerns the dead past; but the argument about natural selection concerns us now: it concerns the living present and the future. There are many people today who would persuade themselves that this conflict is of no serious interest. In my view, however, it is the most fundamental in all human thought. It split the philosophers of Greece 2,000 years ago. It split the Victorians 100 years ago. It splits people today, and I think it will always do so.

It is, after all, natural for us to believe in purpose and progress and the inheritance of useful acquirements. We have a goal and we want nature to have the same goal. We hope for better things and we therefore believe in improvement. We cherish our habits and we hope our children will inherit them. The wish is father to every one of these thoughts. But such thoughts do not satisfy those who expect a uniformity of cause and effect in nature; and expect to test it by experiment. Scientists will continue to regard agreeable thoughts as likely to mislead. And they will base their study of man on their own methods.

Now, I have to relate the second extraordinary episode in this history. It is that Darwin himself compromised on this idea of natural selection which seems to us (as it seemed at first to him) to underlie the whole of his work. Why? Darwin, after publishing *The Origin of Species*, was faced by a secret and painful dilemma. His book had gained him the ear of the world. Educated people everywhere, and some not so well educated, were now talking about evolution. All the discussion turned on Darwin's handling of what he called 'my theory'—which included evolution and natural selection tied up in one bundle. He was being attacked on two fronts. There were arguments against evolution: these were uninformed and usually childish. And there were arguments against Darwin's own views on variation and natural selection: these were often well informed and far from childish. Darwin therefore shifted his ground on this primary issue. He stood firm on evolution. But he retracted on natural selection. He was prepared to admit that the effects of habit and education were directly inherited. He was prepared to adopt, under his own name, the notions of his grandfather, Erasmus, and of Lamarck. And he

changed his words in the *Origin*. The laws of inheritance had been 'quite unknown'. They now became 'for the most part unknown'. The history of error, he might have added, is not unimportant.

Darwin's Argument

All this happened in the twelve years before Darwin broached the question of the descent of man. He was now protected by the support of a group of devoted friends. He was equipped with a theory of natural selection to which he could add direct or Lamarckian adaptation. He was willing to supply an adjusted heredity, soft as well as hard; to use as he thought he needed it. What was his argument? He maintained that man was derived from a single stock of monkey-like animals inhabiting the old world. He maintained that this single stock had been diversified into numerous species or sub-species or races (whichever you liked to call them).

These groups were distinguished from one another in physical and mental, emotional and moral character, in ways that were partly but not entirely adapted to their environments. They were also adapted or acclimatised (by natural selection) to resist the diseases of the countries they lived in, as had been suggested fifty years earlier by the medical evolutionists.

Looking back today at these arguments we might suppose that Darwin would have no difficulty in making his case, leaving open as he does the question as to whether adaptive change is due to natural selection or to direct action. But in fact he runs into trouble. He finds that people do not fit into their environments as they should do. He writes (I. 246):

If we look at the races of man . . . their characteristics cannot be accounted for by the direct action of different conditions of life, even after exposure to them for an enormous period of time. The unclothed Fuegians live on the marine productions of their inhospitable shores; the Botocudos of Brazil wander about the hot forests of the interior and live chiefly on vegetable productions; yet these tribes resemble each other so closely that the Fuegians on board the *Beagle* were mistaken by some Brazilians for Botocudos.

Not only this, but the Botocudos and other tropical American peoples were 'wholly different' from African Negroes who live in a similar climate and have 'nearly the same habits of life'.

We can see now reasons for these inadequacies of adaptation. The native American peoples have a range of variation which is limited by the selective processes working at their origin. For it is not so long since they crossed into America and were sieved, as it were, through the climate of the Bering Strait. Heredity being so very hard, they have not had time to adapt themselves to the whole conditions of the continent. The European, African, and Asiatic peoples, on the other hand, have had ten times as long to adapt themselves to their diverse native climates. And this is why they have so quickly replaced the native peoples over most of the American continent.

Heredity Hard or Soft

The part of Darwin's argument which he devotes to the evolution of man's moral qualities is critical for natural selection and for the question of whether heredity is hard or soft. He sees man as arising from a primitive stock with

strong social instincts. These instincts are determined by heredity. They have been acquired by natural selection. And they will favour the survival and multiplication of the groups which have the instincts most appropriate to their social habits.

He gives a delightfully personal analogy: 'A pointer dog, if able to reflect on his past conduct, would say to himself, I ought (as indeed we say of him) to have pointed at that hare and not have yielded to the passing temptation of springing on and hunting it'. The instincts of such a dog provide it with the beginnings of conscience. Our moral sense, by analogy, is compounded of inherited social instincts and of the intellectual gift, likewise inherited, of reflecting on our past experience and using it to decide on our future conduct.

All this is based on hard heredity; and, I imagine, it seems sweet and reasonable to most educated people today. But to most of Darwin's original readers it would have a bitter taste. It was therefore, I suggest, as a precaution that he disguised the materialistic flavour. 'Social qualities', he writes on other pages, 'were no doubt acquired by the progenitors of man . . . through natural selection aided by inherited habit', and 'the moral qualities are advanced, either directly or indirectly, much more through the effects of habit, the reasoning powers, religion, etcetera'. Here we see the flavour concealed by a pinch of soft heredity in each dose of the treatment.

Deliberate Confusion?

Was the confusion here a confusion in Darwin's mind? Or was he, consciously or unconsciously, introducing confusion to throw ignorant people off the scent? His autobiography favours this view. There is evidence, too, in the immediate context. I will take an example from the previous page.

Man scans with scrupulous care the character and pedigree of his horses, cattle, and dogs before he matches them; but when he comes to his own marriage he rarely, or never, takes any such care. . . . Both sexes ought to refrain from marriage if in any marked degree inferior in body or mind. . . .

Here there is nothing about religion, etc., making good the consequences of undesirable propagation. On the contrary we are given just plain selection theory: moral character inherited and selected and its selection determining the development of society and the species. Fifty years earlier Lawrence had been silenced for saying these things. They are things which are the key not only to the past but to the future of man.

The theory of natural selection assumes that one man may be better fitted to live and reproduce in a given environment than another. Further, it assumes that the children of two such men will inherit their differences, the advantage of the one and the disadvantage of the other. If heredity is hard, if it has a fixed material basis exactly and permanently propagating itself and incapable of being modified by influence from the outside, from reactions with the environment, then such differences will be inherited. But if heredity is soft, if it can be modified by reactions with the environment, then we have direct adaptation, the inheritance of the effects of use and disuse, of climate and education; and such differences will not be inherited.

The work of Mendel decided this issue.

Mendel discovered the evidence of material elements in heredity. They are the elements which we now call genes, elements with molecular weights of some millions, arranged by the thousand in strings which we call chromosomes. Their structure has been gradually revealed by the advances of organic chemistry in the last 100 years, advances culminating in the nucleic acid story, lately so much discussed. Their structure is such that it is not changed by the environment. It is not changed by the cells they live in. It is not even changed by their constant reactions with one another. For, although they are the most active things in life, they are also the hardest things in life.

Thus we can say now that direct adaptation is out of the question. Heredity is indeed hard and not soft. And if it sometimes looks soft, a second of Mendel's discoveries shows us why. For it is the Mendelian process of re-shuffling of genes in every generation which appears to create variation; and, indeed, solves the problem of variation which baffled Darwin. Darwin thought that heredity was simply and almost

directly related to the visible character of the individual. Like father, like son, was almost his whole theory. He knew that odd things could happen in heredity: there were throw-backs that he could not explain. But otherwise it was pretty straightforward: just a little unpredictable variation in all directions.

Mendel showed us that heredity, the breeding properties of the individual, may or may not be related to its appearance. Variations in genes and chromosomes arise long before they become visible. In any group of outbred, and consequently hybrid, individuals most of the variation is concealed. What is concealed can be made visible or released by reshuffling. It is the Mendelian reshuffling, as Sir Ronald Fisher has shown*, which gives scope for natural selection and makes evolution possible. So it is that not only the present capacities but also the future prospects for evolution of a race are wrapped up, very much wrapped up, in its present genetic character and content.

The advances of experimental breeding, of microscopy and of chemistry have, after 100

years, mapped and measured the problems which inevitably baffled Darwin. For us it is no longer a question of understanding the origin of species or even merely of producing new species. That is easy enough. We are not so much concerned therefore with how we came to be, but rather with the more difficult questions of how we exist now, and what will happen next. We are ready to apply Darwin's principles of natural selection and evolution, as he wished to apply them, in understanding and controlling the future; a future which, owing to our evolution, will be very different from the present.

Darwin's success was due to his ability to fit facts to ideas. Its completeness was due to the completeness of the defeat of those who had the ideas before him. But however much time and accident helped him we must acknowledge our debt to his work. It has for a hundred years established our right to discuss the natural history of Man. The results of that discussion still lie before us. For the idea is still as unpalatable to mankind in general as ever it has been.—*Third Programme*

* THE LISTENER, July 17

The Bases of American Foreign Policy

(continued from page 148)

propaganda has an easy game, for it counts on some gain from each new conflict or tension. American and Western policies are shaped to the real and direct responsibilities their governments bear. In any case, the assumption that nationalism is a barrier to communism, and that the new nationalisms can readily be persuaded to join the free world, is no longer a safe one to make; these forces can be aligned as easily or more so with the anti-Western aims of the Soviet bloc: and this applies to Latin-American countries as well as to many Asian and African peoples.

Over-emphasis on the Military Factor

One of the main difficulties in American policy-making today is, as I have mentioned, the over-emphasis on the military factor. The effect of relatively unselfish and enlightened sacrifices to help other peoples has often been thrown away by the insistence on being 'hard-boiled', on proving to the American taxpayer the military gain to be achieved. A second and opposite difficulty is the desire to be liked, and, if possible, to be admired and praised. This quality, which promotes a relatively high level of service to the community at home, usually has a contrary effect abroad. It is painful to need help or to receive help, and the giver should not expect gratitude. American opinion is not aware that, for example, in the recovery of Britain and Western Europe, Marshall Plan aid, though essential, was only a relatively small part of the total effort. When Americans tell each other that their policies are 'hard-boiled' and then expect gratitude and resent criticism from their friends abroad, the confusion is twice confounded.

A third difficulty is the preponderance of domestic interests over national policy. Domestic interest groups make their power felt directly through congressmen and senators. The national

interest in security and peace, in friendship with all peoples who want to be friendly, is expressed primarily through the executive branch. The president's proposals—any president's proposals—in the fields of defence and foreign policy are in direct competition with many domestic interests and demands. In effect, the Secretary of State is a one-man lobby for the where-withal to conduct a foreign policy: and that is often a lonely position.

When the demand for minerals slackens, as in the first months of this year, a powerful bloc in Congress is on the alert to see that the cut-back in lead and zinc falls mainly on foreign producers. Several Southern States have endeavoured to impose special handicaps on the sale of Japanese textiles, even though Japan is the biggest foreign consumer for the South's cotton. As a matter of fact, considering the independence of party members from central control and the power of the Congress to dispose of the executive's proposals, the record of the last ten years, and especially of the current Congress, is not a bad one. But there is no overlooking the difficulties which our domestic politics place in the way of defining and pursuing a coherent policy abroad.

The 'Success Story'

Finally, a special difficulty arises from the American 'success story', from the expectation that hard work and good intentions will be rewarded with early and visible success. Each step in foreign policy is quickly evaluated by the press, radio, and television as either a victory or a defeat. The reaction to failure, as in the loss of China to Communist control, may well be a retreat from realities into wishful thinking. Or it may lead to a fresh appraisal and to more vigorous action. Football, in its American version, and the American approach to international politics too often show the same

psychological intensity, the feeling that all can be won or lost in the next drive to the goal posts. There has been one great gain since the second world war. Americans in this decade have increasingly come to see that the mere fact of having a foreign policy at all is not an act of special grace toward the outside world. To most Americans, foreign policy has become an indispensable instrument for our own survival and for that of our friends and friendly critics throughout the free world.—*Third Programme*

Miss Elliott

Little Miss Elliott died in the dark
At ninety-five, Victoria Park.

I saw as I strolled in the ivory air
The Prince of Darkness stand on her stair,

Scaled in bright black from cap to toe,
About him his soldiers swarming like snow,

Armed with all hell and bladed with light,
Banners and torches and thunderbolts bright,

War-horses hammering holes in the sky,
Waiting for little Miss Elliott to die.

And as Miss Elliott her last, lean breath furled
Out of the vertical midnight they hurled,

Drawing their swords from the corpse of the sun,
A million warriors falling on one.

But, as they slung down the shattering air,
Little Miss Elliott was no longer there:

I saw, as they sank with the sound of the swan,
Little Miss Elliott had gone, had gone.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Gatwick Airport's New Terminal Building

By J. M. RICHARDS

ONE of the things modern architecture is having to do just now is to work out a proper relationship between its own aesthetic character and that of the many new scientifically designed objects that have changed the appearance of the modern world. This gives a special significance to the design of airport buildings, because they—along with structures like power-stations—are the buildings that are seen in closest juxtaposition to the products of modern science and whose use is inseparable from them. I suppose we associate aeroplanes with the changing modern world more than any other objects science has introduced into it.

The terminal building at the new Gatwick airport, which the Queen opened last month, is unusually interesting from this point of view—and especially when it is compared with the buildings at London airport, London and Gatwick seem to approach the problem of architecture in relation to air-travel from opposite standpoints. The London buildings, designed by Frederick Gibberd, of course use modern techniques and use them very well, but they also use quantities of solid-looking brickwork which I am sure is intended—either deliberately or subconsciously—to have a reassuring effect on the nervous air-traveller.

On arriving at the airport, and while waiting to commit himself to the flimsy-looking aircraft in which he is to be transported, he is meant to gain confidence by finding himself in such solidly constructed surroundings. The opposite intention, exemplified at Gatwick, is to let him feel that in the airport buildings he is already involved in the new world to which aeroplanes and air travel belong. This is done by stressing the aesthetic qualities that aeroplanes and modern architecture have in common. The Gatwick buildings, for which Yorke, Rosenberg and Mardall were the architects and Frederick Snow and Partners the engineers, certainly possess the uncompromising character of machines.

I should add that we may not have to worry for long about this distinction between the two approaches to airport design, because as air-travel becomes more common the need to reassure the nervous passenger becomes less; and, besides this, the distinction is becoming rather confused by the tendency for aeroplanes to be more and more cosily decorated inside, with curtains and upholstery and so on designed to divert the passenger's attention from the fact that there is only a half-inch membrane between

him and space. So that, while the airport buildings become more unfamiliar and insubstantial-looking, the aeroplanes themselves are going out of their way to create a familiar, reassuring atmosphere.

But, leaving this aside, I prefer the highly mechanised character of the Gatwick building for several reasons. For one thing, the lighter

Brighton road, which actually passes beneath the passenger hall. This allows direct access to the building from the railway station that lies across the road from the airfield. Passengers arriving by rail reach the hall by a bridge. Lifts take their baggage. Passengers arriving by car drive up a spectacular system of curling concrete ramps to an entrance at the same high-level.

Everyone's baggage is taken by conveyor belt to the point of departure, and only incoming passengers have to wait for customs examination. Outward-bound passengers go straight to their aircraft by walking along the upper deck of a 900-foot long 'finger' which runs out from the main building like a glass-enclosed seaside pier. It has doors along either side which bring passengers to within a few yards of their aircraft, avoiding walks in the rain or climbing on and off buses.

This steel-framed finger and the high, square, main building, raised on concrete columns and walled with glass, give the structure most of its forthright character, but

so does the equally forthright treatment of materials. There are no applied finishes. The concrete is as it comes from the timber shuttering; the steelwork is painted grey or black; the hardwood window frames are their natural colour; ceilings are plain asbestos panels. The clarity of form and economy of line is the same that we admire in aeroplanes themselves.

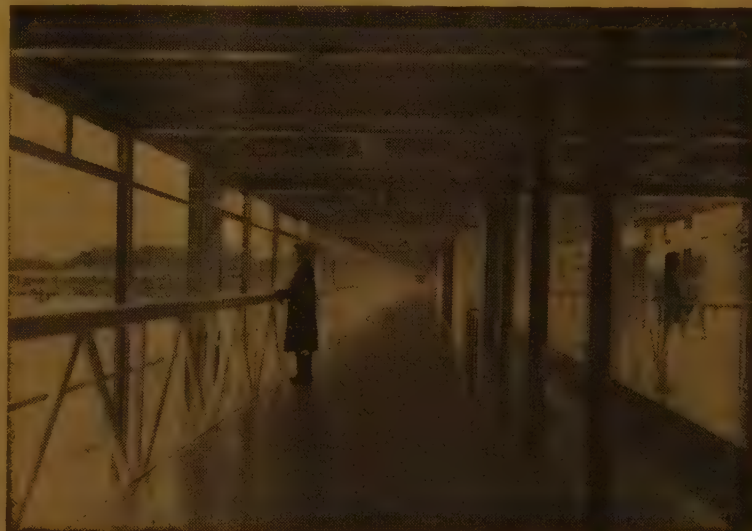
We have heard a lot about the machine aesthetic in modern architecture: at Gatwick we can see it at work.—*'Comment' (Third Programme)*



The 900-foot 'finger' which runs out from the terminal building of Gatwick Airport, 'like a glass-enclosed seaside pier', and, below, the interior

and more transparent type of construction reveals in an interesting way the complex sequence of spaces of which the interior consists; for another the use of red brick at London airport gives it a consciously English character, and although I suppose there is something to be said for being able to identify the country you are arriving in by the look of the airport buildings, there is much to be said for the buildings that serve an international transport system having an international flavour. Finally, an air terminal in its operation so closely resembles a machine that it might as well look like one.

The purpose of the building is to receive and distribute passengers and their baggage, and Gatwick airport does this in a particularly interesting way, partly because of some new ideas that have gone into its planning and partly because all kinds of traffic are concentrated together in a way no other airport that I know of has been able to do. The terminal buildings are on the main



Letters to the Editor

The Church and England

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Bennett that it would be useful if someone were to produce some solid (presumably statistical?) evidence of the existence of 'Christians without the Church'. But, as I and others have been at pains to stress, such Christians are interested in the metaphysical rather than the institutional element in Christianity. Almost the last thing about which one would expect them to show concern is the present Establishment. That is precisely why they are 'without the Church'. One has to look for evidence of their existence in the nation at large, in the growing interest of thoughtful people in the deeper issues of the human situation, and the readiness to discuss those issues in the light of Christianity.

For example, within the last fortnight two public statements have, to my knowledge, caused much discussion among the kind of people whom I would describe as 'Christians without the Church'. The first of these statements was by the Archbishop of Canterbury. 'For all I know', he wrote, 'it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself'. The other statement was by Sir Julian Huxley, who, in a most remarkable article in *The Sunday Times*, declared: 'Man is unique in being now the only type of organism capable of anything big in the way of further evolution'. The immediate question arising from these statements is: 'Which of them carries the more Christian truth?' I must confess that as a junior officer of the Established Church I am hard put to it to give an answer in so Gilbertian a predicament! Is this a case where one would prefer to go to hell with Huxley than to heaven with the Archbishop of Canterbury? However that may be, this does exemplify that the Christian discussion today is para-ecclesiastical, i.e., largely 'without the Church'.—Yours, etc.,

Warwick JOSEPH McCULLOCH

Fundamental Beliefs

Sir,—Mr. J. C. Maxwell is quite right. Florence Nightingale was not a Christian, but, like Voltaire and Tom Paine, a freethinking deist. From the age of thirty-one (when she wrote in her diary 'I have re-modelled my whole religious belief'), she rejected supernatural revelation, and regarded God merely as the ground and embodiment of natural law. Her philosophy had much more in common with present-day Scientific Humanism than with Christianity.

This is unobtrusively made clear in Mrs. Woodham-Smith's biography. But Florence Nightingale herself made a vehement and uninhibited statement of her religious views in her remarkable book *Suggestions for Thought to the Searchers after Truth among the Artizans of England*. She began writing this book in 1852, and in 1859, three years after her return from the Crimea, she had it privately printed and sent copies to various friends. All of them, with the exception of John Stuart Mill, urged her strongly against publication. (Richard Monckton Milnes wrote: 'I do not think the

theory of omnipotent and implacable Law is any more satisfactory . . . than that of a beneficent and benevolent Deity'.) The book was never in fact published, and must now be exceedingly rare.

Florence Nightingale's father was a Unitarian, but, as *Suggestions for Thought* makes clear, her own views diverged still further from Christianity. She maintained that Jesus was a fallible human being, who made mistakes both in his theological and in his ethical teaching. 'The discovery of these mistakes will in no wise prevent our appreciating that which was true and right and lovable in him; but [it] will prevent our feeling that we may believe in God and a future state because Christ speaks of [them]' (Vol. 1, page 37).

The weakness of Christian ethics, in Florence Nightingale's view, is that it is too passive, and too negative—too concerned, as she put it, with 'smuggling a man selfishly into heaven, instead of setting him actively to regenerate the earth' (Vol. 1, page 262). The dominant theme of *Suggestions for Thought* is that human nature is capable of 'indefinite improvement', and that man must solve his problems by his own moral and intellectual resources, without invoking supernatural aid. Once this principle was accepted, Florence Nightingale wrote, man could 'become what he is intended to be, viz. the creator, the modifier of human destiny, instead of . . . the creature "prostrate" at the foot of a priest, of "the Cross"' (Vol. 1, page 261).

Miss Nightingale had not much time for the Christian obsession with sin; and she made some scathing remarks about prayers for the sick, which amounted, in her view, to asking for magical interference with natural law.

'It is not really more absurd to expect God to carry about houses in the night, as he is said to have done at Loretto, than to ask him to cure a sick man' (Vol. 2, page 115).

In her day-to-day relations with Christians, Florence Nightingale did not obtrude her deistic views. But there is no ground for Professor C. A. Coulson's suggestion (*THE LISTENER*, July 17), that her selfless heroism was the fruit of Christian conviction.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen MARGARET KNIGHT

'The Merchant of Venice'

Sir,—I am glad that Mr. Roy Walker has taken up this discussion of the characters in 'The Merchant of Venice' because the subject is relevant not only to Shakespeare but, particularly since the visit of the Moscow Arts Theatre, also to Chekhov.

Mr. Nicholas Nabokov pointed out in *THE LISTENER* of June 5 that the speeches of Chekhov's characters have to be interpreted not by their sentiments alone but 'en caractère', in relation to their actions. Vershinin, for example, is not to be hailed as a social idealist because of his worthy speeches but his speeches are to be assessed in relation to his weak actions. Similarly with Shakespeare's characters, Mr. Walker is intoxicated with the poetry and wants us to take 'The Merchant of Venice' purely as a parable of good and evil. But in this play, as in others he wrote, equally bad, Shakespeare is

caught in the toils of his artistic integrity, his irrepressible sense of character and the ramifications of his plot. He gives Antonio virtuous speeches and we are intended to think him a saintly character.

But what picture do we eventually see? A patrician queening it over gushing, adoring young men who, although he is engaged in commerce, hangs about the Rialto lending money gratis which he cannot afford since he says in one breath that his fortunes are not bound to any one year's enterprise and in the next that he is worried about his fortunes if his ships don't come home. He is supposed to be an aristocrat yet he spits at Shylock. He is supposed to be self-sacrificing and heroic yet when he thinks himself doomed he repeatedly wails that he wants Bassanio to hear about his fate when surely a heroic character would have kept silent rather than cause grief and remorse to the man who had caused him to sacrifice himself?

In fact, Antonio has all the affectation, the arrogance, the hollowness, and the lack of real humanity of the aristocratic morality, just as Bassanio, whom we are supposed to admire and whom Portia loves for his moral worth, is a sponger, who borrows one loan to pay off a previous loan, and an embezzler, traits which, as a loyal courtier, Shakespeare slavishly accepts as the attributes of a young blade. (Knowing Bassanio, can one believe that he would have chosen the lead casket?) Portia is not much more than a peg for Shakespeare's poetry, a skittish Kensingtonian rattle and a complacent fool. Would she really have married the wrong man if he had chosen the right casket? And who but a naive idiot would have thought that she could hoax a court of law with that disguise and convince them with that silly argument?

Now I know that all this is part of Mr. Walker's argument. You cannot take the play realistically because then it is indeed an artistic disaster. You can get by with it only if you play it as artificial comedy, as a parable. But if we do take it as a parable, we have to judge the characters by what they completely are, by what they do as well as by what they say. And if Shylock is to be appraised realistically, so must the others. In fact, the play is a hotch-potch precisely because Shakespeare's sense of character is bursting the bonds of his comedic framework. Personally, I loathe Shakespeare when he seeks to please the court by sycophantically writing those last scenes for the comedies in which we hear the high, clear voices of the nobles who bait Malvolio or laugh at the funny commoners who put on a play for them before retiring into their private heaven and closing the doors. It is a narrow world whose morality is cold, snobbish and, as I have shown, often evil.

That is why I called Antonio and the rest prating humbugs, and I fear that by identifying himself with them Mr. Walker is allowing his critical judgements to be perverted. By comparison with them, Shylock, depicted warts-and-all in his scoundrelism by Shakespeare's invincible sense of life uninhibited by social convention, achieves a humanity which is almost heroic.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

HENRY ADLER

Art

A Systematic Sculptor

DAVID SYLVESTER on Naum Gabo, the Russian Constructivist

BESIDES sculptures constructed in manufactured materials (plastic, glass, metal sheets, strips and rods) three carvings in stone are illustrated in a new monograph on the Russian Constructivist, Naum Gabo* (it is a large volume, well conceived and, but for careless proof-reading, well produced). The first was done in Portland stone in 1936, in England, and, one suspects, under the influence of Barbara Hepworth, the second in alabaster in 1938-39, and the third in Carrara marble in 1953. They are uniformly repellent: their curves are insensitive, mechanical, their surfaces lifeless, they look not as if they had been shaped but had issued from a mould. They call to mind the dummy ice-creams in the windows of popular restaurants. But these shapes are no different from those embodied in Gabo's admirable constructions in plastics, metal, etc.

Gabo's art begins to work when he is building up a construction out of materials which come to hand in sheet form—sheet-metal, sheets of plastic, celluloid, or glass. His especial talent is for articulating space by means of planes cutting through it. The formal idea that has always been at the root of his work corresponds with this. The idea is best expounded by Leslie Martin's description of Gabo's conception of a cube. It

is not simply a box with a top, bottom, and four sides. In Gabo's cube the four sides are omitted and he replaces these by two vertical intersecting planes running across the diagonals of the cube. Gabo has explained that this, when constructed in transparent materials, expresses the volume of the cube without any suggestion of mass: but, in addition, he has constructed a far more rigid figure,

The principle is thus to define a form, not by representing its external surface, but by composing an internal structure of planes such that a skin stretched across their outside edges would produce that surface. And this principle is employed by Gabo not only to express such abstract forms as the cube and the sphere but in his earliest sculptures to express the forms of the human head and torso.

This way of expressing natural forms was in fact a development of an idea used at a somewhat earlier date by Picasso. For Picasso the origin of the idea was a Wobé mask he owned. 'These Wobé masks', writes Kahnweiler,

treat the lower part of the face as a plane surface above which the very high forehead is gently curved. From the plane surface project two cylinders, about four inches long and two in diameter—the eyes—a small triangular board—the nose—and a parallelepiped—the mouth—the last two projecting less far. . . . The volume is seen somewhere in front of the actual mask. The epidermis . . . exists only in the consciousness of the spectator, who 'imagines', who creates, the volume of this face in front of the plane surface

of the mask, at the ends of the eye-cylinders, which thus become eyes seen as hollows.

The principle embodied in the eye-cylinders is developed so systematically in Gabo's heads that the vertical plane disappears, leaving a configuration of receding planes with empty spaces between them: if the spectator imagines a continuous surface stretching across



Constructed head No. 2, 1916: an illustration in *Gabo*

the spaces, he establishes the surface of a head.

Gabo's relationship to Cubism and so indirectly to Negro art is perhaps the most essential stylistic problem raised by his work, and it is a serious shortcoming of the generally illuminating texts by Martin and Read in this volume that they evade this problem. Read does not touch on it at all; Martin makes a single naïve remark:

The intention of the early Constructivist artists is quite clear. Their work is 'constructed'—built up—and not like Cubism exploded from within. Gabo is explicit on this point.

But Martin has missed the point. The statement of Gabo's to which he refers comes from an analysis, brilliant and forceful, of the Cubist conception in which Gabo describes how the peculiar Cubist attitude to the relation between the artist, the external world, and the resultant work of art gives rise to an explosion from within of the objects represented and thus to the destruction of their identity. It is not, as Martin supposes, the forms of the work that

are exploded from within, but the objects represented in the work: Martin confuses the formal conception of the work with the image of reality that it presents. He fails to see that when Gabo writes that a Cubist painting 'seems like a head of shards from a vessel exploded from within', the words 'seems like' are not there for nothing: Gabo is referring to the impression given by the work, not to its formal conception. A Cubist work may break down reality, but the work itself is as unmistakably 'built up' as a Constructivist work.

Gabo himself writes that 'the immediate source from which the Constructive idea derives is Cubism, although it had almost the character of a repulsion rather than an attraction'. The reason for this repulsion may have been that the Constructivists were more inspired by logic than the Cubists and were therefore both more systematic, less flexible, in their procedures and more prepared to carry ideas to their ultimate conclusion. Gabo's early constructions differ from Cubism only in being more schematic and rigid. His mature work moves away from Cubism by rejecting the representational element, and this rejection seems to have been inspired by a will to tidiness and a dislike of half-measures; in brief, a desire to make a clean sweep of things. He writes that the Cubists 'had no special interest in those forms which differentiate one object from another' and that, in consequence of this, his generation (born ten years after the Cubists)

found in the world of Art after the Cubists only a conglomeration of ruins. The Cubistic analysis had left for us nothing of the old traditions on which we could base even the flimsiest foundation. We have been compelled to start from the beginning.

This sense of a need 'to start from the beginning', together with a belief that this had to be done by abandoning representation and concentrating all attention on the construction of the work considered as an object, was not peculiar to Gabo and his fellow Constructivists but to all the best Russian artists who developed in the first two decades of this century: Kandinsky reflected it, in a form modified by his Munich environment and thus by Expressionist theories; Malevich and the Suprematists reflected it, in a form so extreme and absolute that it led to the painting of a picture consisting of a white square on a white ground. It was the special mission of these Russian artists, faced with a 'world . . . [in] ruins', to scrap everything and start anew, systematically building up a rational world of forms with nothing to start from but the products of technology. Among the progressive artists of the early years of the century, the Russians were not the liberals, not the radicals, but the natural revolutionaries.

* *Gabo*. With introductory essays by Herbert Read and Leslie Martin. Lund Humphries. £4 4s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Court and the Castle

By Rebecca West. Macmillan. 18s.

THIS 'STUDY OF THE INTERACTIONS of political and religious ideas in imaginative literature' is philosophical criticism of a kind A. C. Bradley used to write. It is based on the unfashionable assumption that great literature is great not for aesthetic reasons (though these may be involved as means) but for what are essentially social reasons. The artist still has his 'particular grace', but nevertheless 'it is a tendency of creative literature, when it rises above a certain level, to involve itself with statecraft and with religion'.

To prove this contention Miss West examines about a dozen writers, at varying length but with steady penetration. A third of the book is devoted to Shakespeare, and most particularly to 'Hamlet'. Miss West boldly maintains that all previous interpretations of 'Hamlet' are mistaken. 'Hamlet' is not about an individual man, but about society, and about the inevitable corruption of man in society. It is a deeply pessimistic, anti-Pelagian, even anti-humanist work of art. It is about the power that is rightly (divinely) enshrined in kings, and about the inevitable pride and corruption which power engenders. Shakespeare, argues Miss West, was insisting on certain contradictions inherent in society and suggesting that these contradictions could not be reconciled by any human agency. 'He thought power so dangerous that no man born of woman could exercise it without falling into sin, but at the same time he regarded with horror all attempts to take power away from any monarch who had been entrusted with it according to the laws and customs of his country. Hence kings and usurpers, though moving in opposition, are equally immoral'. At the back of Shakespeare's mind, Miss West suggests, was a religious solution—'a system of values different from any established by humanity', a system superior to ours; and what is important in life is our obscure and doubtful perception of these transcendental values. She does not go so far as to claim Shakespeare as a religious writer. 'If he called on God his cry was private. But his work is like the mould used for taking copies of sculpture, a form surrounding an empty space, which is enclosed by the negative impression of the object. He describes a world which is hollow, and its hollowness is the negative impression of God. This is man without grace: so can we understand what grace must be'.

It is rather specious, perhaps, to suggest that a play like 'Hamlet' has survived in spite of its message, by virtue of its inherent beauty. Shakespeare was lucky, Miss West seems to suggest, since he could use the public life as a symbol for the private life. We have mistaken his purpose for we have assumed that his purpose was to oppose the private life to the public life, but in reality Shakespeare 'was writing about the failure of a strong and gifted man to alter a repellent situation, for the reason that he is tainted with the same guilt which had caused others to produce that situation'. The peculiar force of 'Hamlet', she concludes, lies

in its contention that there is no escape from imperfection and sin.

We cannot follow Miss West's theme as she develops it from Fielding to Virginia Woolf—we have space only to note how beautifully she persuades writers so diverse as Jane Austen and Trollope, Dickens and Henry James, Kipling and Conrad, to contribute evidence of there being no individual escape from communal guilt. The argument rises to its greatest eloquence in two brilliant chapters on Proust, some of the best criticism that has yet been devoted to that much criticised writer. But the final chapter is on Kafka, and beautifully clinches the argument that began with 'Hamlet'. Kafka is Hamlet's obverse. Miss West criticises him severely for his failure to perceive and appreciate character, and apart from *The Trial*, *The Castle*, and *Penal Settlement* considers his work worthless. But in these three symbolic stories Kafka 'presents the real and insoluble problems of man's nature so truly and so cruelly that he is one of the few authors that can keep pace with the cruelty of history'. It is a long way from the court of kings that is the background of Shakespeare's plays to the totalitarian bureaucracy in which Kafka feels he is imprisoned, but the sense of human despair is the same throughout, and Miss West succeeds in showing that it is only to be relieved by whatever interpretation the creative writer gives to the concepts of grace and prayer.

States of the Union. By Geoffrey Dutton.

Chapman and Hall. 21s.

The Land is Bright. By Alistair Horne.

Max Parrish. 18s. 6d.

Visitors to the United States for the first time invariably fall in love both with the country and with their hosts. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Dutton are Australians who are fortunate enough to be able to spend much of their time collecting material for travel books. Having driven by car from London to Australia (that must take some doing) and around Africa, they have now covered America pretty extensively. Mr. Horne, who also took his wife with him, had been to the United States before, but as a British school-boy during the war, so his eyes too were fairly fresh and undimmed. The reader should not allow himself to be put off by Mr. Horne's references to Mary and Judy, Henry and Hank, or Pat, 'Bill's fascinating wife'. This kind of personal reminiscences needs rationing; but there is some shrewd observation in the book. Mr. Horne is sold on a great many Americana from the Grand Canyon to the premium placed on technicians. He constitutes himself an apologist and is almost more American than the Americans.

Mr. Dutton is an admirer of the American roads, but, on the whole, he is a more discriminating traveller than Mr. Horne. He points out, for example, that the roads while efficient are exceptionally boring, but commends the absence of billboards on the 'parkways'. In an early chapter he discusses the way in which Americans are haunted by fear of the crack-up which is the price they pay for the nervous

tensions of their lives. Both authors draw attention to two central domestic problems, that presented by the Negroes and the Puerto Ricans, and the waves of crime and violence that never lie far from the surface of American life. Naturally those who live long in the United States can fit together these contrasts: the American idealism and ruthlessness, the dry humour and resentment at criticism, the civilised and generous behaviour and the brutal crimes in the big cities, the soulless automation of the daily round and the deference paid to culture. But travellers are not supposed to be political philosophers (apart from the great de Tocqueville) or, except in a minor way, sociologists. Their task is straight reporting. And from these two books one can obtain an excellent impression of the immense variety of American life, ranging from the luxuries of half-French New Orleans to the craggy coast of Maine, and comprising a people including alike barefoot Negroes and wealthy tycoons who practically live in their automobiles. It is a country throbbing with life and humour, filled with a people eager to love and be loved who feel they are too often misunderstood. In Mr. Horne they have a sympathetic admirer, in Mr. Dutton a candid friend.

Achilles and the Tortoise

By John Lincoln. Heinemann. 18s.

Mr. Lincoln, whose true identity will no doubt be guessed by many Philhellenes, was one of the men dispatched by a variety of mutually destructive agencies in Cairo to Greece during the war. He was called Director of the Subversion of Enemy Troops in the Eastern Aegean; but, at least in retrospect, he takes his mission less seriously than those who invented that grandiloquent title must have taken themselves. His time was chiefly passed in Samos and Mytilene—the latter surely the least attractive island in the whole Aegean: at first, in Samos, maintaining an ineffectual contact with the Left-wing guerrillas through their leader Achilles, and then, to greater effect, being the instrument of the surrender of the Italian garrison; and finally, in Mytilene, attempting with an increasing apathy to reconcile the Greek Left and Right after the Liberation.

In his brisk narrative there is perhaps a tendency to overplay the comedy and underplay his own exploits. Of comedy of a grisly kind there was, it is true, no lack, whether among the warring agencies in Cairo or the warring political factions in Greece; but the exploits must have called for coolness and courage and here Mr. Lincoln has perhaps been less than fair to himself.

Behind his tale, with its deft portrait sketches, its evocations of the limpid beauty of the Greek scene and its sudden passages of physical violence, there remains a sense of futility and sadness. What was the point of these operations? A number of young men had an adventurous war and a number of older men had comfortable jobs in Cairo; and perhaps (but it seems doubtful) the liberation of Greece was hastened by a few days or even weeks. But Greek lives were wasted; and English arms and gold were wasted.

THE LETTERS OF
JOHN COWPER POWYS
TO LOUIS WILKINSON,
1935-1956.

Edited by Louis Wilkinson

"Splendid talk put into letters, humorous, rapturous, Celtic."—R. A. SCOTT - JAMES (*Observer*). — "Robust, revelatory, wise."—KEN-NETH YOUNG (*Daily Telegraph*). Frontispiece portrait by Augustus John, O.M. 30s.

Malcolm Elwin

LANDOR: A REPLEVIN. "It is difficult to believe that a better biography of Landor will ever be written."—*The Times*. BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. Illustrated. 45s.

John Durnford

BRANCH LINE TO BURMA. The candid story, refreshingly lacking in heroics, of the author's three years as a P.O.W. on the Burma-Siam railway. Map. 15s.

Bernard Glemser

THE LIEUTENANT. A vividly written novel of an English wartime hero of the Bomb Disposal squads in tough, post-war New York. "Excellent, witty."—*Evening Standard*. 15s.

James Hanley

AN END AND A BEGINNING. His great new novel of the "Fury" family. "Powerful and haunting."—*Times Literary Supplement*. 16s.

John McPartland

NO DOWN PAYMENT. The pungent best-seller that puts America's manners, morals and marriages in the melting pot. 15s.

Olaf Ruhen

NAKED UNDER CAPRICORN. A novel that "describes most vividly the opening up of central Australia."—*The Times*. "Truly notable."—*News Chronicle*. 15s.

Barbara Hunt

COTTON WEB. The saga of a single-minded woman and her rise to wealth and power in the heyday of the New England cotton trade. 16s.

W. R. Burnett

BITTER GROUND. A novel of the Old West by a master of the action story. "Scenes and people so sharply visualised."—*Times Literary Supplement*. "The writing crackles."—*Manchester Evening News*. 11s. 6d.

MACDONALD

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

When we were children my father always told us that Will Fyffe was the best Scots comedian; Winston Churchill the greatest statesman; and Foyles the best bookshop. I think my father was quite right.

—A Customer's Letter

We can supply all Books reviewed or advertised in "The Listener" and all other publications.

119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines)
Open 9-6 (incl. Sats.)

2 mins. from Tottenham Court Rd. Stn.

WOMEN

are the fascinating subject
of our
August Special Number

WOMEN

as wives and mothers, as
daughters or dons

WOMEN

as wage-earners—in the
newest (and the oldest)
professions

WOMEN

in the

Twentieth
Century

26 BLOOMSBURY WAY WCI

2S 6D

Roman and
Native in
North Britain

A chronological survey
by experts such as
Stuart Piggott, John
Clarke, J. P. Gillam
and K. A. Steer,
edited by

I. A. RICHMOND

illustrated 18s

NELSON CLASSICS

2 more titles by

JOSEPH CONRAD

Nigger of the
Narcissus and
Mirror of the Sea

Tales of Hearsay
and Suspense

each 6s

NELSON



Brihadeshvara Temple, Tanjore

India

WELCOMES YOU

Today the splendours of the gorgeous East may be visited and enjoyed amid modern comforts. Travel in India is easy, efficient and cool, for air conditioned airliners, railways, and hotels are at your service. Come and see this newest ancient land.

Illustrated brochures and suggested itineraries available on request from your Travel Agent or

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA
TOURIST OFFICE

28, Colaba Station, London, S.W.1. TR 4174

INVEST IN
CITY OF COVENTRY
MORTGAGE LOANS

(Trustee Securities)

6% FOR 4 or 5
YEARS

For further particulars apply:
City Treasurer (L), Council House,
Coventry

FOR HOLIDAYS ABROAD
MARLBOROUGH'S
SELF-TAUGHT PHRASE BOOKS

MAKE LANGUAGES EASY

They provide a wide range of
Vocabularies and Phrases
arranged under subjects and by
means of the ENGLISH PHONETIC
PRONUNCIATION provided you
are enabled to SPEAK the words
you require and make YOUR-
SELF READILY UNDERSTOOD.

IDEAL FOR TOURISTS & TRAVELLERS

Obtainable in 37 languages
from 5/- each

Write to the publishers for list E, post free
on request

E. MARLBOROUGH & CO., LTD.
13-16 BRITTON ST., LONDON, E.C.1

"THE WEEK"

the brilliant survey in
The Observer every Sunday,
that gives you a clear
perspective on a whole
week's news in
fifteen minutes easy reading.

Let *The Observer* put
the world in your hands
on Sunday

Arts Council Exhibitions
ART TREASURES
FROM JAPAN

VICTORIA & ALBERT
MUSEUM

TILL 17 AUGUST

Open Bank Holiday Monday

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6
Tues., Thurs. 10-8: Sun. 2.30-6

ADMISSION 2/6

The Greeks do not complain of the loss of lives; but there is some justification for their view that the arms precipitated or at least prolonged the civil war and that the gold dislocated their economy. In retrospect the most sensible, but not the most valiant, Greeks are increasingly seen to be those who, while not collaborating with the Germans, saw as the most important Greek task of the war the preservation of their country's unity until the hour of liberation. But such long-sighted advocates of undramatic inaction were branded as traitors. The Greeks, after all, are not given to long views: and drama and action are both embraced by them with a passionate ardour.

Although the book never wholly fulfils the expectations aroused by its masterly opening chapter, it is invariably entertaining and perceptive. Mr. Lincoln has grasped the essential truth of the Greek character: that the Greeks do not have any logical consistency of emotion but prefer to plunge from state to state—states of enthusiasm, rage, friendship, cruelty, love, vengeance, forgiveness. Achilles, his central figure, at one moment screaming abuse at him and at the next embracing him in an abounding affection, is beautifully realised not merely as an individual but as an example of his race. No less convincing is the portrait which the author gives of himself: here, too, creating not merely a living individual but a type; in this case of all those young Englishmen—intelligent, self-deprecating, now sensitive and now callous—who found themselves flung into Greece during the war to mediate ineffectively between the rival partisans, to give orders on the spot or make recommendations to their superiors in Cairo with an equal lack of response, to blow up bridges or capture generals, and then eventually, years later, to write books about their experiences. But so far no other such book has been as good as this.

The Lost World of the East. By Stewart Wavell. Souvenir Press. 18s.

The prosperity and progress of Malaya derive from one-fifth of its territory. The rest is dense tropical jungle, much of which in the last ten years of emergency has been no place for explorers, anthropologists or archaeologists. But the man with the tape-recorder goes everywhere, and in this book Mr. Wavell recounts some remarkable adventures as a roving commentator for Radio Malaya. The recording of the folk-music and speech of the mingled peoples who have settled on this bridge between the Mongolian and the Melanesian worlds is a serious service in which Mr. Wavell has cheerfully faced difficulties and hazards, but the chief attraction of his book is its infectious air of amateur curiosity. On a chance remark about were-tigers, a report of primitive cures, a mere hunch about lost civilisations, he humps his recording-machine and vanishes into what adventurers have always called 'the interior'. Some of his quests were wonderfully successful, others not. The essential is that he obviously enjoys sharing the ways, and trying to approach the thought, of forest-people. He has deliberately experimented, not only with the stratagems necessary for mere survival in the jungle, but with the mental abandonment of the securities that must be left behind. It may be added that listeners who objected to Mr. Wavell's treatment of an ambush 'like the Grand National' in an on-the-

spot commentary of the jungle war broadcast in the B.B.C.'s 'Radio Newsreel', will find an apology in this book. The photographs are lively, but the map is inadequate and poorly printed.

My Dearest Louise: 1813-1814. Unpublished letters from the Empress Marie-Louise with previously published replies from Napoleon. Collected and annotated by C. F. Palmstierna. Methuen. 25s.

The Passionate Exiles: Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier. By Maurice Levaillant. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

All people subjected to the personal authority of Napoleon were liable to have their feelings and interests trodden rough-shod: and this was equally true whether they were ladies of literary and social eminence like Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier, or of merely social eminence like his second wife, the Austrian Archduchess Marie-Louise. These two volumes contain abundant evidence of this truth. But his remarkable patience with the tedious inanities of Marie-Louise is in striking contrast with his implacable hatred for the sparkling intelligence of Madame de Staël.

His detestation of Madame de Staël and her circle, based on the political fears of a despot as well as on obvious contrasts of temperament, was unrelenting. Even from the depths of Poland he sent repeated behests to Fouché to keep a watchful eye on 'that hussy' and to ban her from Paris. His distrust began under the Consulate, because of her early writings and her associations with the liberal-minded Benjamin Constant. He stepped up the distance by which she must be kept away from Paris from twenty leagues to forty, and eventually beyond the French frontiers. He took sharp revenge for his fears in 1810 by suppressing her great work *De l'Allemagne*, on which she had laboured so long and which she naively hoped might even attract his esteem, despite its praise for the Germans and the English against whom he had acquired an obsessional hatred. There existed between them, in M. Levaillant's words, 'an essential opposition of characters, ideas and minds. . . . She believed in ideas, which he distrusted; in enthusiasm, at which he smiled; in the intellect, which he feared'. There was another contrast, too, between the adventurer-conqueror who saw every triviality through the lens of politics, and the woman whose passions dominated everything and repeatedly blinded her to their political implications.

This Napoleonic obsession with political minutiae appears constantly in his otherwise empty correspondence with his wife. Most of his replies to her long, monotonous letters about her health and his health and the childish misfortunes of their son the 'King of Rome', are equally monotonous but much briefer. He reassures her about his own health and fortunes, expresses every anxiety about hers, sends kisses to the baby. When they contain more, they are either military bulletins of engagements won or they become careful instructions about her role in political manoeuvres. Their marriage of convenience seems to have given rise to real ties of affection, though by 1815 their attachment had ended and she was ready for her future existence of more congenial inanity as Duchess of Parma.

He had as little to fear from her infidelity as from her intelligence.

The reasons for Napoleon's persecution of Madame Récamier are more obscure. This most seductive of his subjects had repelled the advances of Lucien Bonaparte and (according to M. Levaillant) of Napoleon himself, though this is less surely proven. No doubt her relations with Madame de Staël were his main objection, and these relations are the central theme of M. Levaillant's scholarly book. They were of course stormy and passionate and violent, and their friendship survived even love-affairs with the same men (Benjamin Constant and Prosper de Barante), and various other preposterous liaisons. It was cemented by their exile at Napoleon's hands—though the exile at Coppet was often enough pleasant and alleviated by entertaining companionships. The romantic posturing and sighs, the theatrical threats of poison (in safe doses) in which both ladies and their swains indulged, the absurd self-deceptions, re-create a strangely unreal setting for the thunder of Napoleonic battles and the complexities of Bonapartist diplomacy. But in one respect at least these romantic exiles resembled both Napoleon and Marie-Louise: they took themselves prodigiously seriously. Compared with them, the mid-Victorians were downright flippant.

A. E. Housman, Scholar and Poet By Norman Marlow.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

Norman Marlow, a lecturer in classics at Manchester University, has brought to his study of Housman's poetry great gifts, the chief of which are an astringent sensibility and a well-stopped erudition that he employs, with hardly the rasp of a too subjectively far-fetched derivation, to relate the carefully powerful language and the strong, musical metres of Housman's verse to such of their sources as are literary and to trace his thought back to its roots which are identifiable in literate European pessimism.

In both of these undertakings he has been successful, so successful that one brief example will suffice to show his quality. Of *More Poems* xliii, which has the lines:

The signal fires of warning
They blaze, but none regard;
And on through night to morning
The world runs ruinward.

he writes:

This poem has almost certainly been influenced by *Aen.* vi, 886-7, and by Claudian, *de nuptiis Honorii Augusti* 272. In the latter line we have the same metaphor as in Housman's middle verse:

. . . potuit caelum signare corona,

which reminds us of:

And sign with conflagration
The empty moors of air.

This again owes something to the Virgilian lines referred to above: '*vagantur aeris in campis laeis*'.

On the prosody, too, Mr. Marlow is good, on the metres Housman uses, on the effects he obtained with them and on the sources from which he took them; but on what is individual about Housman, on why he was impelled to rape the major pejorists of five literatures for phrase and form to enable him to make poetry of his own predicament and of what he took to be the world's, Mr. Marlow is not so good.

Restrained—perhaps by a too impeccable sense of good taste, perhaps by an inability to credit that existence is really as bloody as Housman thought it to be—he never seems to be on terms with the greatness of his poet. He tries, and in trying cites the deaths of the parents, the years of depressed civil service, the vitriol with which he laced his scholarship, the separation from Jackson (implicitly accepting the suppressed inversion without giving it its weight either in the poetry or the life); but a certain innocence in the writing and the judgements (which is there in Housman too and is part of his attraction, certainly for Mr. Marlow) prevents him from responding when Housman shows how far he has seen into the ultimate monstrousness of the universe and writes, for instance:

Oh like enough 'tis blood, my dear,
For when the knife has slit
The throat across from ear to ear
'Twill bleed because of it.

Commenting, Mr. Marlow finds this in bad taste. It may be, but bad taste or not, throats bleed when they are cut and the Kennedy Professor of Latin at Cambridge knew it even though the lecturer in classics at Manchester may prefer not to.

Chinese Art. By William Willetts.

Pelican Books. 2 Vols. 7s. 6d. each.

When one turns through the list of books available on Chinese art, one is immediately struck by the paucity of inexpensive general works on what is now a fairly popular subject. Recently however, an attempt has been made to improve this situation by the publication of Mr. William Willetts' book, in two volumes, in the Pelican series. The author has taken eight art forms, not all of which hold as prominent a place in the West as they do in the Far East. Surprisingly, Mr. Willetts studies these not in the period of maturity but in that of their early development. Because of this the book may have less general appeal, especially for readers interested in the classic period of ceramics in the Sung Dynasty, and for those interested in the Ming lacquers, which have recently come into favour, as well as for those interested in the later jades, for instance, which have no ritual function as is the case with those the author examines in such detail. This does not mean that the book is uninteresting; rather the reverse with regard to textile techniques and the early history of lacquer in the first centuries of our era. Here he breaks new and generally unfamiliar ground.

The book is less successful than one might hope, because the author enters into detailed discussion of almost every argument ever put forward on the subjects with which he is concerned. This adds much to the bulk of the book, but not to our knowledge. Such detailed treatment is particularly noticeable in the chapters on Geography and Early Man, on Buddhist sculpture, and on ceramics. In the chapter on sculpture the detailed handling of the Indian and Chinese background is carried over three quarters of the very long chapter, with the development of the sculpture, which covers a period of about 400 years, squeezed into the remaining quarter. This hardly seems a fair division. In the chapter on painting, in which one expected a new approach in view of his opening section, the treatment remains the

same one with which we have been familiar since Raphael Petrucci and Friedrich Hirth wrote fifty years ago. The chapter is, in addition, confused by a veritable quagmire of psychological argument, which turns out on examination to be entirely irrelevant, as well as misleading.

Looking back on earlier publications on the subject which the author undertakes to consider, one is unhappily forced to the conclusion that this is not a book on art at all, but a series of articles on eight materials used for art expression dealt with in a very limited manner, the techniques receiving most attention. The illustrations, chosen with great care, are rather better than one usually finds in the cheaper books on art, or indeed in some of the more expensive.

Brave Men: a study of D. H. Lawrence and Simone Weil. By Richard Rees. Gollancz. 18s.

One way of writing a confession of faith is to try to define the influence of those writers who have influenced one most; and to try to reconcile them when they disagree. This is, in effect, what Sir Richard Rees has done in *Brave Men*, and his book is better read in that spirit than as an objective study of the two writers who are its principal theme. He is deeply convinced of the loss of the religious sense in the present world, and that it is only a supreme effort of the intelligence that can recover it. In Lawrence and Simone Weil he finds the kind of intelligence that can speak to our condition. The point needs no labouring. Manifestly they have; and it is easy to see that one experiencing the world in Sir Richard's terms might find them the most important writers of the age. Whether it was a happy idea to treat them in the same book may yet be doubted. The compulsion behind the enterprise, Sir Richard tells us, was 'to try to relate them in my own mind', and he explains this as 'showing that there were points in common and points of significant contrast between them'. This is hardly, however, to relate them. Almost any two writers are alike in some ways and different in others; and in this case the link is mainly an autobiographical one—the fact that two writers with such strongly opposed philosophies of life should both have impressed themselves so deeply on one man.

Lawrence and Simone Weil both suffered from a devouring spiritual hunger, and neither could find anything in the civilisation around them to satisfy it. *Brave Men* gives us extremely just and understanding studies of this aspect of both minds. The hatred of industrial society, the deep sense of the disorientation of modern man—both felt it, and the author of this book obviously feels it too. But Lawrence's whole mode of apprehension is so utterly different from that of Simone Weil that the transition from one to the other is not so much significant as merely disconcerting. It is rarely profitable to compare a writer who is an imaginative artist with another who is not. Lawrence was a self-acknowledged prophet and preacher, it is true, and much of his doctrine is quite legitimately separable. But we listen to his doctrine because he was a novelist and a poet, and because he could, whether we ultimately want to share his beliefs or not, validate many of them for us in imaginative experience. Simone Weil writes categorically and doctrinally; we are not free to accord to her a merely imaginative assent. She

must be accepted or rejected. And there can be no doubt what Lawrence would have done. His vitalism and naturalism, his affirmation of the actuality of the forces that possessed him, would have exploded violently against her denial and her abstraction, her need 'to believe in a God who is like the true God in everything except that he does not exist'. And when, later in the book, the incongruous figures of Orwell, Denton Welch, and L. G. Salingar make their appearance as vehicles of a contemporary sense of religious reality, we begin to feel that none of these writers are there for themselves, but as grist to a mill. We can respect the purpose for which the mill is grinding but must also feel that the substantial independence and individuality of these various persons deserves to have been respected more.

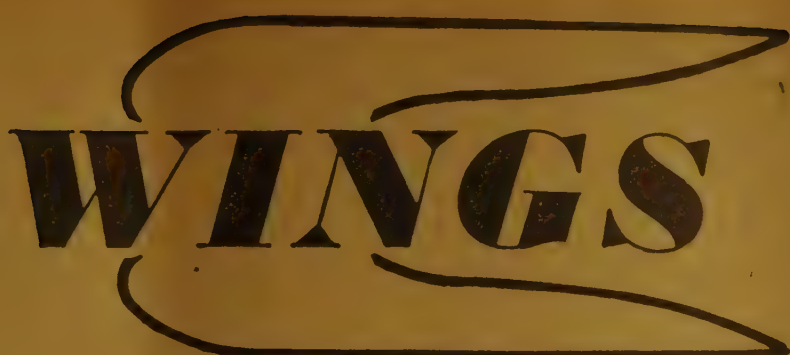
In the days when, as we are told, the religious sense was more felt than it is now, there was also a clear sense of discrimination between different kinds of religious experience, and different kinds of resulting doctrine. Today the desire for a revival of the religious consciousness seems to be so strong in those who experience it that they are willing to seize on any of its manifestations, however mutually contradictory, and lump them all together as signs of hope. For the eclectic humanist (that unfashionable figure) an appreciation of all kinds of human experience is a possibility. For the seeker after a transcendental standard there is, after all, the necessity of choice.

Boy on the Rooftop

By Thomas Szabo. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

The frontispiece shows a deliberate back-view, in Paris where he now lives, of the youth who nearly two years ago fought through the Hungarian revolution as a boy of fifteen. There were hundreds like him, and this is their brief chronicle, so compelling in its theme that the candour of childhood is classically apt. On the morning of October 23, 1956, the date meant to Thomas Szabo only that it was his mother's birthday. By the evening he had learned to fire a machine-gun. Little more than a fortnight later, having fought in the streets of Budapest to what seemed incredible victory, only to find freedom relentlessly strangled by the returning Russian army, Thomas Szabo had to leave his family as a man—a marked man now—and cross into Austria with an oath to return.

It may be natural to feel that we have had enough accounts by now of those two searing weeks. But we can never have enough. It may not be pleasant to read again, from inside Budapest, through the words of children, of the expectation of help from the West which kept Hungarians on their feet against the tanks in their streets. 'Tomorrow's election day for a new President of the United States. Radio Free Europe said we must hold on until it's finished'. But no debate on the problems and risks of today has much meaning if we forget what the battle of Hungary felt like—the exhilaration as well as the agony. They are both here, and Thomas Szabo's record of fewer than 150 pages is, among other things, extraordinarily exciting. He was captured three times. The first time he shot the AVH policeman dead. The second time a friendly Russian soldier gave him his chance. The third time he and his companions were released from a deportation-truck by a dashing counter-attack on the railway station.



WINGS

Hellenic Air Tours

Our autumn and winter series of Hellenic Air Tours, covering not only Athens, but also such famous classical sites as Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Delphi, Tiryns, etc., begins on 22nd September. We have now also extended several tours to include Crete and Rhodes, also Izmir and Istanbul.

Charges are from 57 guineas for a basic 10-day holiday with TRAVEL ENTIRELY BY AIR throughout the tour.

These HELLENIC AIR TOURS offer something new in travel, namely the opportunity of visiting Greece and its islands, Asia Minor and Istanbul at a cost which is within the reach of everyone—and without spending days in wearisome train or boat travel.

ROME-ATHENS-NAPLES

On this tour two nights are spent at Rome, five nights at Athens, and two at Naples. Travel throughout is by comfortable Viking aircraft of the Hunting-Clan fleet, operating from London Airport. Optional sightseeing trip in Rome. In Athens excursions can be made to Kaisariani Monastery, Cape Sounion, Corinth and Acrocorinth, Mycenae, Tiryns, Nauplia and Epidaurus, as well as visits to the famous classical sites in Athens itself. From Naples there will be an optional excursion to Pompei.

The Charge for this tour is only 57 guineas, including air travel throughout, hotel accommodation and full board at Rome, Athens and Naples, airport coach transfers, etc.

The normal London/Athens return air fare is well over £100, but for only 57 guineas we have planned a complete inclusive tour.

An alternative tour also covers the same cities as the above (Rome-Athens-Naples), but in Greece there are different excursions—to Daphni and Eleusis, the Island of Aegina, and to Delphi. During the stay (two nights) at Naples an excursion will be arranged to the wonderful Greek temples of Paestum, travelling via the Sorrento peninsula road.

The Charge for this tour, like the one above, is 57 guineas, including air travel, accommodation and full board.

CRETE AND RHODES

This is a completely new "Wings" tour, taking in not only the mainland of Greece, with interesting excursion possibilities from Athens, but also visits to lovely Rhodes and Crete. The tour starts with a day flight from London to Athens and four nights are spent there. Then comes a short flight to Rhodes (three nights' stay) and on to Crete (also three nights' stay). On the islands a number of inexpensive optional excursions will be arranged—for instance, to Lindos, Knossos and Phaistos. The journey back from Crete to London is broken by a night's stay at Pisa and the cost of the whole tour is only 66 guineas.

We are also arranging for sun lovers a series of 12-day air tours to TENERIFE IN THE CANARY ISLANDS with 10 departure dates from October 1958 to January 1959.

The inclusive charge of 67 guineas covers all air travel, hotel accommodation, full board, etc., and breaks of journey on the way out at Gibraltar and in the homeward direction at Madrid.

ASIA MINOR AND ISTANBUL

On this tour also there is a day flight to Athens and four nights are spent there, with interesting excursions. Then the plane goes across the Aegean to Izmir (formerly known as Smyrna) on the coast of Asia Minor. Excursions are made to Ephesus, the great classical city with its Pauline associations, and possibly to Pergamum. Then the plane flies on to Istanbul, where two days are spent visiting the great meeting place of Christian and Moslem cultures. The tour returns via Salonika (with a full day for sightseeing there) and Rome, where the final night is spent. The total tour cost is 69 guineas and this covers not only the air travel but also accommodation and full board throughout and airport coach transfers at every point. Compare with this the normal air fare alone for the journeys undertaken which would be at least £120.

Send for full details to



WINGS LIMITED

48a Park Road, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.

Telephone: AMBassador 1001

Please send details of:—

(Tick appropriate box)

Tours to GREECE and TURKEY ☐

CANARY ISLANDS ☐

I cannot go in the Autumn or at Christmas but would like details of similar holidays in the Spring of 1959. ☐

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Conducted Tours

THERE ARE PLACES to which we cannot penetrate without a guide: we have not the right of entry. Others are there for all who can make the journey: though our appreciation of these can be increased by a knowledgeable guide, provided he does not come between us and what we are seeing.

Last week television took us on several interesting armchair journeys. Perhaps the most unusual was to the Jewish East End of London, in 'Monitor' (July 20). Bernard Kops was our guide to the places in which he was brought up and which form the background of his play 'The Hamlet of Stepney Green'. He took us among the herring-stalls and second-hand books of Old Montague Street and the Commercial Road to watch 'the ritual justice of buying and selling'. An old man wandered slowly along a ruined street, singing as he went. All this was the camera's eye at its most evocative. But Mr. Kops did more than that: he took us inside a Jewish household. We saw the Friday-night blessing of the candles for the Sabbath; Mr. Kops' father and his friend Mr. Isaacs, who remembered Gorki, sipping the wine, keeping up the ancient traditions. Here was a scene we could not have found on our own: we had to be invited. As the journey ended with that old singing man making his way across a bomb-site and disappearing into the rubble-strewn sky-line, one reflected on the remarkable way in which, in our restless capital, one community has retained its customs and its fellowship and its sense of being at home.

This was the last 'Monitor' till the autumn, and it was a happy idea to finish up by inviting William Sansom to take us on the pier. He has just the eye, and just the words, for this strange English sub-world which we have all taken for granted since childhood. He, and the camera, brought out the sense of mystery as one's heel almost catches in the open grid under which the dark water laps against wet iron to make one remember one is indeed at sea. We heard the crooners in the amusement arcades, potted past the anglers and the sleeping old men among the ornamental Britannia tables and those Victorianly embellished slot machines. We had a free peep into some of these, and saw the macabre plaster figures set nodding and tinkling by someone else's pennies. The executioner raises his axe; the strip-tease doll draws off her stocking; these shots confirmed brilliantly Mr. Sansom's vision of the dead life of dummies, the horror behind these curious folk toys.

Then under a setting sun the anglers pack up, the tired children straggle down the long deck towards home, the chairs are tipped forward, the lights come on, the day's pleasures are over. This was a beautiful piece of social observation, the familiar brought to fresh life through an artist's eyes.

'Monitor' is such an intelligent

programme that one positively trembles for its future in these days of surrender to the popular fronts of entertainment. Again (as with 'Tonight') there is a central key personality to give the miscellany its particular unity and flavour. Huw Wheldon is a little shy, not smooth, with a touch of the don about him, the kind of don who does not appear on television. He seems really to be thinking about the items and hoping that we will too. Consequently one is put into a critical mood at the start, a rare compliment that few television producers are prepared to pay their viewers.

On July 21, we set out on the first leg of a Hellenic cruise with Sir Mortimer Wheeler. We began with a few brisk shots of Sir Mortimer, pipe clenched keenly, striding on to the channel packet, and later ordering what looked like an excellent meal on the European express. After a tour of Venice we at last embarked for our real goal, Greece. We visited Olympia: of the stadium only the starting-line can now be traced, which seemed symbolical of the unending influence of classical Greece. Then to Corinth, and finally to Mycenae, whose Homeric past was thought legendary until Schliemann opened the great tombs and gazed on a gold mask which he believed covered the face of Agamemnon.

Here was some of the world's finest sight-seeing. I was grateful to see as much as I did, and there are two more programmes to come, but I thought a wonderful opportunity was skimmed. We spent too long in Venice: there was one superb close-up of the Colleoni statue, but far too many shots of pigeons and gondolas, tourist commonplaces to thousands who never got as far as Greece. Perhaps the cameraman thought those brooding empty landscapes offered



The Friday-night blessing of the candles in Bernard Kops' home: from the film which preceded an extract from Mr. Kops' play, 'The Hamlet of Stepney Green', given in 'Monitor' on July 20

him little scope: as indeed they did, if you feel you must clutter up the screen like a geographical junk-shop. What I wanted were long, still shots of those silent, sun-baked source-lands, with the slowest, most patient tracking along walls, up slopes, down to excavations. As it was, I had no chance to absorb the *genius loci*, and I resented the time wasted in watching Sir Mortimer make rambling 'scholarly' conversation about 'Plato and all that' with Sir John Wolfenden and other distinguished fellow-voyagers. Afterwards I read again Henry Miller's description of Mycenae in 'The Colossus of Maroussi'. It conveyed far more to me of the real nature of that timeless, haunted place than this programme did.

K. W. GRANSDEN

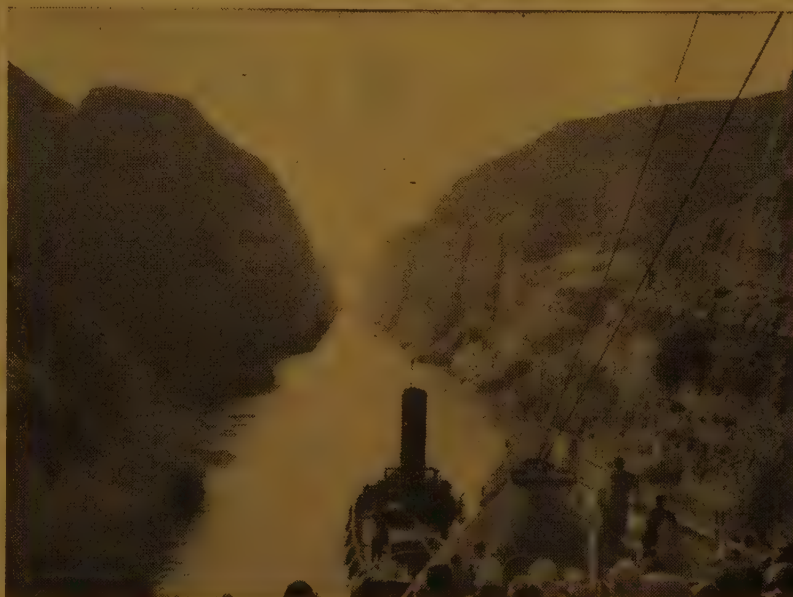
DRAMA

Coming Back in Anger

WALTER MACKEN'S 'Home is the Hero' (July 27) emphasised the point that toughs will be toughs and that there is no sense in expecting them to come out of gaol tender. The play also showed that a tough central figure must have some streaks of decency in his composition if there is to be any poignance in the tale of his crimes and blunders.

Paddo O'Reilly of Galway has done five years in prison for the manslaughter of a neighbour in a drunken brawl. His townsfolk, including even the relatives of his victim, have joined with his family in readiness to accept him back and give him a warm welcome. But Paddo turns out to be only a block-headed bully: he cannot realise that in five years his son and daughter have grown up and want to keep their own company. He sets out to be a fireside dictator: he not only browbeats his daughter: he beats her savagely.

His son, a limping cripple, thanks to one of Paddo's earlier follies, has to face his father with a knife. Paddo also nearly kills a friend who has become a lodger



Sailing through the Corinth Canal in the first episode of 'Armchair Voyage' (Hellenic cruise with Sir Mortimer Wheeler) on July 21

and is jovially trying to celebrate the return of the native. It seems that the gaol-bird, turned domestic tyrant, will wade through slaughter to a home: but in the end there is nothing worse than bruises.

Paddo finally makes up his mind to disappear and that is obviously the proper choice for the fellow to make. If the author or the actor (Eddie Byrne) or both had been able to modify the man's bone-headed brutality so that we could spare him some sympathy, the play would have greatly increased its appeal. As it was, Paddo was such an unctuous ogre, now preaching at his family, now savagely banging his daughter about, that one could not care what became of him. Eddie Byrne showed the appropriate force, but there was a hampering monotony both in the writing and the delivery of the role.

Donal Donnelly and Concepta Fennell made his children's parts extremely moving. Peggy Marshall had the measure of their long-suffering mother, and, as well-intentioned neighbours, Patrick McAlinney and Carmel McSharry added vividly to the Galway scene. Despite the title of the play one had not expected the homeward-bound Paddo to be in any way a hero, but the mixture of moralising and misanthropy whom we did encounter was unable to win a jot of sympathy, and so was unable also to carry the play on his shoulders.

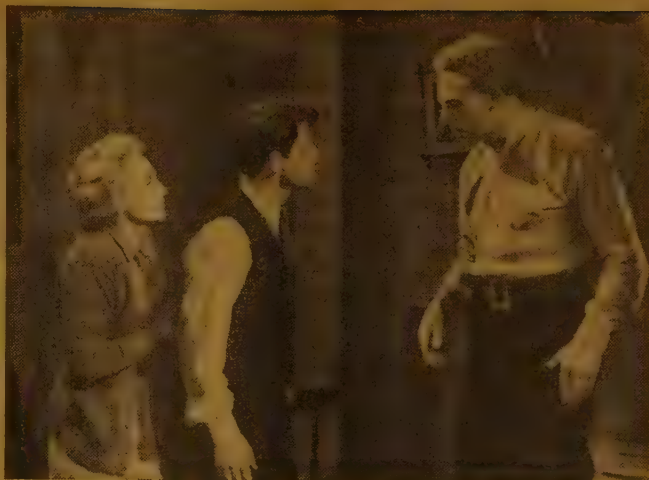
The Empire Games naturally bestrode last week's programme and some stirring drama did they provide. But, with the artists yielding to the athletes it was a thin week for television drama. So I made sure of being there when 'You Are There'.

These programmes are certainly a model of concentration and close-packing. I have sometimes complained of plays with little in them which are granted ninety minutes of viewers' time. My complaint in this case is just the reverse. Thirty minutes may be too short for proper treatment of a dramatic historical event. Big and excellent casts are engaged: an immense amount of work goes into these features which are usually of first-rate recreational as well as educational value. We should not be left with the feeling that we are being rushed through a section of hustled history in order to have more time for trivialities.

'The Fall of Robespierre' (July 23) was a case in point. There was good preparation of the theme with the death of Danton and with a

well-planned summarising of the crisis in the French Revolution. Donald Pleasence gave us the pale, tight-lipped, incorruptible, fanatical Robespierre, with the eerie power which this actor commands; I could have welcomed more detail of the rebellion against him and of his own collapse and destruction. As it was, I felt that the end of the half-hour was a scuffle to get through in time. Another ten minutes would have made all the difference: surely this series should have been planned as a forty-minute, not a thirty-minute, matter.

For the rest, the series of serials went their routine way. The chronicles of a family or institution, briefly laid on at briefly recurring intervals, are the staple of our weekly programmes. Mil-



'Home is the Hero', on July 27: (left to right) Peggy Marshall as Daylia O'Reilly, Donal Donnelly as Willie, and Eddie Byrne as Paddo O'Reilly



Scene from 'The Royalty' on July 25: (left to right) Margaret Lockwood as Mollie Miller, A. E. Matthews as Lord Charters, Joan Hickson as Miss Plimm, Hugh Sinclair as Richard Manning, and Julia Lockwood as Carol

the producer (Campbell Logan) and chief players before; I would add praise for Joan Hickson's first-rate performance of the flustered, faithful receptionist, a most authentic presentation of that prop of the hotel.

The episodes in 'The Sky Larks' are simple; the chief merit is in the filmed 'actuality' scenes, with a naval helicopter or 'chopper' going about its flights and hoverings. Last week it was carrying aid (with a faulty carburettor) to a polio-stricken child on a Russian freighter. Of course the 'chopper' turned out to be triumphant amid mechanical defects and a successful tool of medical relief. Meanwhile, there was mild amusement with a sailors' sing-song on the Aircraft Carrier. The fictional fun was a passable show of brick-dropping; the factual flights were a useful reminder of what a helicopter can do in the way of dropping the right load in the right place.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

'A Quiet Corner'

THE PERFORMANCE of Sudermann's 'A Quiet Corner', which followed so closely the work of von Kleist broadcast in the previous week, continues a service to the community which gets little acknowledgement in these mass-viewing days. Having provided a fairly good coverage of indigenous drama, the Drama Department is slowly but surely building up a sound library of plays by European dramatists. The output of plays in English is enormous and tends to elbow out works by authors on the Continent who may not be in the world class but who are regarded with respect in their own countries. English taste indeed often appears wayward to Continentals, and this performance of 'A Quiet Corner' reminded me in passing that a fair part of Strindberg's writing is still not translated. Brecht's 'Threepenny Opera' took more than twenty years to reach the London stage and this work of Sudermann's has waited even longer for a hearing.

The play concerns Georg Wiedemann, a provincial schoolmaster, and his wife, Elisabeth, who has married slightly below her Bavarian upper-middle station. Their life together is happy and serene but it is suddenly threatened by the arrival of a Baron Röcknitz, a distant cousin of Elisabeth's and her one-time lover.



'You Are There: The Fall of Robespierre', on July 23, with Donald Pleasence (standing, full-length) in the name part

The Baron wants Elisabeth to leave her idyll and to help him manage his estates so that he can resume his liaison with her. When she demurs he threatens to expose her but the husband brings his plot to nothing by revealing in the play's last gasps that he has always known about the affair. The happy marriage has been tarnished but the villain of the piece is sent packing.

Such a plot suggests a woman's magazine story about whether a wife should tell, but Sudermann's treatment of it makes it more than this. The play is neither sentimental in the German tradition nor melodramatic in a nineteenth-century vein. The Baron is given to hissing 'Yes or No?' when he demands in asides an answer from the stricken Elisabeth, and his bombast occasionally comes near to the style of the Wicked Squire. Sudermann gives him a psychological depth, however, and the Baron becomes an early study of a man of power without love in search of love. Georg Wiedemann is also much more than the stock innocent in a melodrama; he not only loves but is prepared to fight strongly and subtly for his love. Elisabeth is a post-Meredith woman and survives. It is the Baroness, condemned to a meaningless existence with a loveless husband, who emerges as a tragic figure. I liked Mr. Raymond Raikes' handling of the scene with its occasional backgrounds of schoolchildren playing, and was glad that he played down Sudermann's stage directions which stipulate rolls of Bavarian thunder as the characters approach their destiny. Hermione Hannen as Elisabeth played remarkably well and she was strongly supported by Marius Goring as Georg and Howard Marion-Crawford as the bull-necked Baron.

Turning from Continental repertory to work written for radio, I must say that it occurred to me during the week that radio work succeeds best when it is limited to half-hour or, at the most, forty-five-minute stints. To succeed in the sphere which lies outside the semi-documentary or the thriller and the run-of-the-mill dramatic piece, it must move with great pace. When radio is at its true work it must tug at the sleeve in the first few seconds. As it must continue to hold the listener and as the degree of concentration required by the listener is great, the time factor is obviously important. Miss Sasha Moorson's production of Mr. Andrew Salkey's 'The Atmosphere Man' created a coffee bar in the first hisses of pressurised steam. Mr. Salkey himself represents the latest and one of the most delightful overseas influences on the English language. The West Indian eye is sharp but wonderfully good natured; lacking in definite articles but capable of showing us man in a relaxed situation.

Another view of the human situation which was also given the short, sharp treatment was the one contained in Mr. James Hanley's 'A Winter Journey'. Mr. John Gibson's choice of *musique concrète* effects was deft and Rachel Thomas' Mrs. Vaughan invited not unfavourable comparisons with performances of Mr. Samuel Beckett's 'Molloy'. Mrs. Vaughan invites sympathy and Mr. Hanley seems to have a didactic purpose which I find lacking in Mr. Beckett's microscopic studies of senile decay and of man dying. Mr. John Beckett composed some music last week for 'Remember Who You Are' by David Paul. Though Mr. David Thomson and his cast gave this rather flat academic joke the best that they could, my impatience with the futilities of logical positivism rendered the effect null.

I wish to end with an apology. Mr. Wilfrid Grantham, who produced Betti's 'The Fugitive', points out in a letter to me that it was not he but Mr. Harry McWilliam who translated the work. Incidentally he also tells me that the part of the Doctor in the stage version is not quite the same. In adapting the play for radio he em-

ployed the Doctor as an extra-dramatic figure to avoid the need for a narrator. Anyone who started chasing the Doctor as a kind of inverted *deus ex machina* is therefore on the wrong track.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Beetles, Rockets and Poets

IF ONE AIM of 'Frankly Speaking' is to reveal personality, it cannot be said that Dame Rose Macaulay gave such a brilliant performance on Sunday evening (Home) as Sir Harold Nicolson a fortnight before. While Sir Harold was delightfully uninhibited, Dame Rose was inclined to be evasive and spoke in a low and rapid voice that was sometimes rather difficult to catch. The general effect, however, was one of unquenched and indefatigable curiosity, on both the human and the scholarly level. Dame Rose is that peculiarly English phenomenon, the great woman traveller, who travels imaginatively in time as well as to the remoter parts of the world. Arising from this is her passion for history. 'I mean', she explained, 'there is nothing quite so exciting to me as the development of man from the slime up to where we are now'—though she confessed that what was most on her mind at present was 'the dropping, or at any rate the keeping ready to drop, of the very disagreeable form of bomb we have evolved'.

On Tuesday evening, in 'The Voyage of the Beagle' (Home), we heard how beetles upset Charles Darwin's faith in the Bible. While the crew sang 'All things bright and beautiful', Darwin, examining seventy different species of coleoptera, came to the conclusion that species are not immutable. His head began to ache when he thought of Noah carrying all the different species into the Ark, two by two. 'The meeting with the round-backed tortoise on James Island', he declared, 'was the greatest event of my life'—for he then realised that it had evolved and had not been specially created by God. The programme captured at least something of this wonder, this great awakening, that changed the whole direction of human thought.

On Wednesday evening (Home) we heard how Dame Rose Macaulay's very disagreeable form of bomb could be delivered by rocket from, if necessary, 5,000 miles away. As I listened to the scientific experts and the service chiefs talking about the various kinds of rockets that are being built for the destruction of the human race, I could not help thinking of Aldous Huxley's nightmare fable *Ape and Essence*. This, it will be remembered, forecasts the probable effects of atomic warfare in the shape of monstrous births, with the consequent ban on sex and the annual ritual killing of malformed babies. But it was the military rather than the human aspect of nuclear warfare that concerned the experts and the service chiefs on Wednesday. Not to have rockets, they told us, was to be at the mercy of those that had them, and the only way we can contract out is to scuttle the British Isles, for we are a first-class base—Airstrip 1, in fact. But to have rockets is to make ourselves a principal target for attack. The arguments are all by now painfully familiar and describe the circle in which the mind of mankind is now imprisoned. Each side, of course, will only use 'the ultimate weapon' as a deterrent. But one day the temptation to get in first may well prove too strong, for one side or the other. So, with the development of the giant rockets, at £1,000,000 a time, our collective anxiety grows.

The same evening in the Third Programme Mr. A. Alvarez described the great collection of poets' work-sheets that has been built up at

Lockwood Library, Buffalo. The idea is that, by studying a poem at its various stages of composition, we may arrive at an understanding of the creative process itself. But as Mr. Alvarez, who himself gave an admirable summary of the poetic process, remarked, the ultimate value of this collection will depend on whether it is going to be used to investigate poetry or the psychology of poets—because 'the more we know about their work and the less we know about them, the better for everyone'. But any serious consideration of the arts is welcome in this technological age, with its general lowering of cultural standards, and one is always grateful for that excellent series of fortnightly reviews under the heading of 'Comment' on the Third Programme. On Thursday evening Professor J. M. Richards gave a brilliant talk on the design of the new Gatwick Airport, which he said was so well adapted to its purpose; John Bowen told us how bad the new ballet 'Witch Boy' is, being but a feeble adaptation of that remarkable American play 'Dark of the Moon'; and Peter Porter reviewed *The Penguin Book of Australian Verse* from an Australian point of view.

PHILIP HENDERSON

MUSIC

In Fernem Land . . .

SUMMER DRAWS ON apace, the Royal Opera's season is ended and Glyndebourne's nears its end. Their place is taken by the festivals of Bayreuth and Salzburg and Munich, and even those of us to whom that distant land is *unnahbar unsern Schritten*, can catch a sound, if not a glimpse, of these events.

We were able to hear last week the opening performance of the Bayreuth Festival—a new production of 'Lohengrin' by Wieland Wagner under the musical direction of André Cluytens. It would hardly be going too far to say that, so far as the principal singers were concerned, the performance was a disgrace to the Festspielhaus where, in accordance with Richard Wagner's views, emphasis has always been placed on the total dramatic effect rather than on beautiful singing for its own sake. What the total dramatic effect may have been last Wednesday I cannot say, though I did note that there was no sound of King Henry's sword thrice striking his shield hanging on the tree before the duel in Act I. From this I infer that there was no tree for the shield to hang on. It is quite possible that King Henry had neither shield nor sword, for Wagner Major had only to specify something in his stage-directions for Wagner Minimus to omit the requisites for their execution. This, I understand, is in the interest of bringing out the 'symbolism' of the drama, as if Major did not know better than Minimus what symbols he wanted.

As I have suggested, most of the solo-singing was painful to the ear. There was the usual tight-throated tenor, though in mitigation let it be said that the high tessitura of Lohengrin's set pieces is cruelly exacting and almost invariably results in a bleating tone. Still, there have been singers like John Coates who could make the music sound as beautiful as it was in Wagner's imagination. The chief requirement for Elsa's music is steady, pure tone. Leonie Rysanek, who has sung better in the past, was notably unsteady and went sharp in 'Einsam in trüben Tagen'. But her unsteadiness was outdone by Ortrud's wobble, so that the second-act duet was a ruin indeed. The baritone and bass were little better, though Telramund (Ernest Blanc), whose voice shook under the stress of telling such lies in the first act, recovered in the second. But the inevitable disaster occurred in the unaccompanied quintet, always a danger-

spot, where the whole ensemble wobbled out of tune. Easily the best individual performance was given by the Herald (Eberhard Wächter), whose voice was firm and authoritative.

There remained for enjoyment the playing of the orchestra, which had the true Bayreuth quality, and the singing of the chorus trained by Wilhelm Pitz, which was sonorous and rock-steady. Cluytens was much more successful with this score than with 'Die Meistersinger', 'Lohengrin' being a good deal more Italianate than is always realised.

The Salzburg Festival opened more auspiciously on Saturday with a capital performance of 'Don Carlos' directed by Herbert von Karajan. Although the version used omitted the original first act, which was included in the recent revival at Covent Garden, and so deprived us of some of the most beautiful music in the opera, the production had great merits: one of the chief was the swiftness with which

the action was deployed. There were no waits between scenes, nor even at the end of the acts, except where a break was made after the *auto da fé*. This is an example that should be copied by producers of Verdi. One of the causes of 'Falstaff's' comparative ill-success with the public is that the tension so wonderfully created in each of its brief scenes is relaxed and destroyed by a long break in the middle of each act.

Salzburg had assembled a strong cast of singers, among whom Sena Jurinac (Elisabeth) and Giulietta Simionato (Eboli) gave outstanding performances. Mme. Jurinac has become a true Verdi-soprano with the steady but impassioned quality his music requires. I hope that when Covent Garden revives the opera, it will be possible to engage her and Mme Simionato to sing in it. The Carlos (Eugenio Fernandi) was new to me and sounded as if he might be that *rara avis* a heroic tenor who does not sing

fortissimo all the time. Bastianini and Siepi gave excellent performances as Posa and Philip, though the one had not quite the subtlety of Gobbi nor the other the immense authority of Christoff. Some of Karajan's tempi seemed on the fast side; no loitering was permitted. On the other hand, he missed the lightness and grace that should appear in the gossiping of Eboli and Posa in the second scene.

Meanwhile the 'Proms' have started and of them I *did* catch a glimpse, seeing Moiseiwitsch's hands deftly busy with Rachmaninov, and Sir Malcolm alert and lithe as ever, and the drummer drumming and the fiddlers fiddling and the audience gaping and cheering. Amazed at this transfer of the Albert Hall (or bits of it) to a room sixty miles away, I quite forgot to listen to the music. But there will be plenty of opportunity to listen to it without the distraction of the jumping pictures.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Razumovsky Quartets

By A. E. F. DICKINSON

The first of three programmes of Beethoven's 'Razumovsky' Quartets will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.0 p.m. on Monday, August 4

AMUSICAL dedication in Beethoven's day was a standard compliment, paid in return for a commission and implying exclusive performance for a limited period. Yet one need not grudge to Count Razumovsky, for many years the Russian ambassador at Vienna, the distinction of having received in this way, with another rich patron, Prince Lobkowitz, the ascription of two of the world's great symphonies: Beethoven's Fifth and Sixth. The personal associations of such works soon became irrelevant. But the Count's patronage is still widely remembered for having prompted, a little earlier, the production of three string quartets. In 1806 he asked Beethoven for some quartets with Russian melodies, and he took on from Prince Lobkowitz the Schuppanzigh quartet, well versed in Beethoven. By a coincidence, another Russian, Prince Galitzin, similarly promoted Beethoven's final return to the medium. To such support we are in some measure indebted for the greatest augmentation of the repertory that the string quartet has ever known. These men realised in time that Beethoven's creative potential was not bound by the Third Symphony, or the Ninth, and also that the most zealous composer does not live by genius alone.

Whatever the outside beck and call, these returns to the solo ensemble of strings were significant. It was more or less inevitable that the composer of the Op. 18 quartets should come to handle the grander designs of the first two symphonies, in which the antiphony of string and wind groups is steadily typical. It was not nearly so expedient that Beethoven should abandon the orchestra which he had so eloquently expanded in his next two symphonies, two concertos and a full-size opera. It is not surprising that he stopped at three chamber works. The Op. 18 set shares a certain prodigality of output with the unnumbered sixes which Haydn and the rest furnished to suit a patron or publisher. The three quartets of Op. 59 show no sign of being a rounded series. They mark successive but not progressive steps of self-revelation at a given period. Among other general features, their concise, sometimes compressed, manner and top-line altitude separate their aural impact from that of Op. 18, while their maintenance of the usual four movements, and predilection for the bifocal orbit of classical

movements, show less exploitation of sheer contrast than do the last-period quartets. In most respects the Razumovsky quartets are each an individual entity.

The cultivation of the characteristic in purely instrumental music did not, of course, begin with Beethoven, but it soon became peculiarly his romantic habit to make his art a vehicle for translating the stresses and releases of the human spirit. That is one unmistakable impression of the colossal range of the 'heroic' symphony, and equally of the trenchant quality of the 'passionate' sonata, among earlier works. What is equally remarkable, the different movements of each work seem fantastically linked together in one continuous rhapsody, as E. T. A. Hoffmann observed at the time. It would be a futile speculation to try to determine what guided the composer's hand as he expanded the three opening movements here, but the set mood of each opening, and of what follows, is pronounced, especially in the first two quartets.

No. 1 in F begins with the most developed movement of the twelve. The lyric sweep of the first subject, with the melodious undertone of the second, acquires a changing environment of shifting harmonic texture and a spasm of fugue. Yet the main motives can claim not only a steady recapitulation, with novelties of key-setting, but also, in the coda, a percussive delivery and other reductions of the initial phrase to essentials. One recalls the resourceful variety with which that initiating phrase has promoted fresh music, but the persistent imagery is the lasting impression.

The next movement is original in cast; it is a scherzo in type, but without any clear-cut interlude. It presents wayward snatches of rhythm and tune, whose coherence emerges in repetition later, strongly enough to leave a pleasant trail of creative humour behind it. In transparent contrast, an *adagio* in the minor forms almost conventional stages of self-abasement, but the violin's solitary and sustained cantabile in the major, midway, sounds an exquisite note, which exposes the intensity of the 'conventional' phrases when they return. Eventually these dissolve into mere expectancy. The lively prime motive of the *allegro* thus anticipated is a Russian melody; or, rather, it is a translation of a sombre traditional song of oppression into an energetic dance of scintillating texture, banishing

all introspection and fulfilling the final abandon of the first movement.

No. 2 in E minor is more compact. The dark melancholy of the opening is declared in confined and abrupt phrases, with stretches of major harmony that are too artificial to last. The absorption of the *adagio* is equally impressive; it combines a rare serenity, later echoed in Schubert's String Quintet, with a spare embroidery of texture. In another wayward scherzo-movement, the restless main section is as compressed as the *thème russe* interlude is voluble. Once more a short but weighty refrain, better known now for its imperial associations in 'Boris Godunov' and 'The Tsar's Bride', is hustled into vivacity without end. Yet the boisterous finale shows most forcibly Beethoven's rhapsodic genius, as he hammers at a false assertion of key (C major) and its half-hearted adjustment, but uses this twist of harmony for more sober topics until the right key (E) is secured. Music had not been here before, though it was to return in this direction for the tremendous finish of Op. 131.

With No. 3 in C the listener is on more familiar ground. Once the opening suspense is past, the flow of theme, with a particular stress on the initial rising semitone, is continuous. The imperturbable Mendelssohnian refrain of the *andante* recurs cheerfully after a prolonged but patterned digression; and the elegant 'Minuet' almost lives up to its title, though it declines into a prelude to a fugue. This fugal bout, by way of first subject to the finale, is more uncompromising. Expression is stripped to the bone in an angular subject of twice five bars. Yet the discovery of fresh contexts for the dry bones is animated by Beethoven's most familiar self. The free enjoyment of thematic craftsmanship replaces the emotional exploration of Nos. 1 and 2.

In his 'unconventional textbook' *Harmony for the Listener* (Oxford, 16s.) Mr. Robert L. Jacobs offers guidance to the non-professional but serious and intelligent listener to music who desires some understanding of the basic principles of harmony and why it is used in the way it is. Avoiding technicalities as far as possible, Mr. Jacobs starts from elementary premisses, guides us through the complexities of romantic harmony, and ends with a survey of trends in contemporary music. This is a book for those who without wishing to 'learn' harmony have nevertheless an active curiosity about music: it is illustrated with music examples.

FULL GROWN TREES ONE FOOT TALL!

Think of it! Living and growing and thriving in your home, your garden, your apartment! Stately Japanese Pine trees—no taller than an ordinary book! Miniature forests, growing in a single pot! Exquisite flowering shrubs—that burst into masses of tiny yellow blooms—that fill your home with colour and beauty every season of the year—even in January—even when the entire world outside your window is covered with snow!

Yes! Imagine your friends walking into your home, and seeing on your living-room table—in breathtaking miniature—an actual forest tree! One of the largest and most beautiful living creatures in the world—transformed—as if by magic—into an exquisite living miniature no higher than an ordinary book!

Imagine the look of astonishment and admiration on your friend's face as he bends down and begins to examine this living miracle. Here in front of him is a true Japanese Pine tree. The same dramatic, twisted shape... the same gnarled trunk... the same clusters of horizontal branches—fanning out in every direction—climaxed by hundreds of brilliant green pine needles! The needles themselves are three inches long—but the entire tree, from top to bottom, is less than one foot high! It is so beautiful, so fantastic, that your friend will want to pick it up, and hold it in front of him in awe and admiration!

And you have grown this thing of beauty! You have actually created it! And you have done it with no more attention than you would have given your favourite house plant!

**So Beautiful! So Fantastic
That Your Friends Can
Hardly Believe They're Real!**

Think of the fantastic feeling of accomplishment! For this Japanese Pine tree is only the beginning! Here, in another corner of your home, is a breathtaking Azalea, covered with dazzling orange-red flowers—but an Azalea that

**PICTURE THESE FOUR EXQUISITE TREES—ONLY
ONE FOOT TALL—BLOOMING IN YOUR OWN HOME!**



JAPANESE RED PINE (*Pinus densiflora*). Picture the same twisted, tormented shape that you would see on a mountain cliff! And then reduce the size of this dramatic tree to the height of an ordinary book! Add beautiful orange-red bark all year round—crowned by dazzling clusters of blue-green pine needles, three to five inches long! A true evergreen! To thrill you with its foliage for years to come!



ORIENTAL ARBOREVITAE (Tree of Life—*Thuja orientalis aurea nana*). An extremely valuable miniature evergreen, that forms a magnificent pyramid-like head! Dozens of delicate twigs, densely covered with tiny leaves! Fan-like sprays of leaves—reaching out in every direction! A brilliant, flaming, golden yellow in the spring—turning to a lustrous green in the summer and autumn.

actually is no larger than a woman's hat!

Here is a tiny forest of two, three, and even four miniature evergreens—growing comfortably side by side, in a single pot!

And here is a twin-trunked Acacia that will make your friends gasp with astonishment! Picture an exquisite steel-blue tree one foot tall—spiral-shaped—with every branch carrying dozens and dozens of tiny flower-balls of the purest yellow! Blooming and blooming and blooming again from the snows of January to the first thrilling warmth of Spring!

Yes! Here are living Miracles that flood your entire home with Fairy-Tale beauty! Priceless living treasures that will continue to enchant you, season after season, for dozens of years to come! And now you can grow them in your own home—for pennies—no matter where you live—as easily and surely as you now raise your favourite house plants!

Yes! Without spending a single penny for fertilizer or soil or plant food or pots... without investing more than five minutes of your time—you can see the first thrilling signs of life in just four short weeks!

Here's why. Here's how a new scientific invention—sent to you absolutely free of charge—gives you fantastic results that you could only dream about before! Guaranteed, automatic results—like these:



ACACIA (Wattle—*A. Baileyana*). We show a close-up of only one tiny cluster here—to point out the exquisite beauty of these delicate ball-like flowers! Picture an entire steel-blue plant, one foot tall! Then picture branch after branch spiraling around the trunk—actually weighed down with dozens of these clusters of tiny yellow flower-balls! A pure radiant yellow that bloom and bloom again from January to March!



AZALEA (*Rhododendron obtusum kaempferi*). One of the handsomest of all the Bonsai Miniature Trees! From Japan itself! Many-branched—with shining, constant-blooming, dark-green leaves! Gives beautiful orange-red flowers—the entire plant



dotted with clusters! One of the most valuable and beautiful of Azaleas! And it's yours—for pennies! Our thanks to the many Botanic Gardens for these photographs.

**You Work Only 5 Minutes!
You Don't Even Dirty Your
Hands! And You See Your
First Baby Trees—in Just
Four Short Weeks!**



Yes! Forget about clumsy flower pots! Forget about preparing and sterilizing soils, and plant foods and fungicides! Forget about long, tortuous hours of careful work! Here's how easy, how simple, how automatic it is to plant these Miniature Trees—this entirely new way—with all the hard work, all the expert preparation—**ALREADY DONE FOR YOU!**

All you do is this! When these finest-quality, hand-selected seeds arrive, you simply choose the first two or three varieties of gorgeous Miniature Trees that you want to have growing in your home. Take ten seeds of each variety, put them in a cool place for two short weeks—to let the cold stimulate these forest seeds to rapid, vigorous growth! And then you simply use the **Pre-Prepared Automatic Planting Pots** that we send you—free of charge.

These Automatic Planting Pots are scientifically-designed, miniature containers—each of them small enough to hold in the palm of your hand—each hollowed out on the top to receive your seeds! But these containers are not made of metal or clay!

They are made of an amazing new natural material—combining just the right amount of plant food, just the right

amount of fungicide, just the right amount of moisture and protection for your seeds.

They are actually combination planting pots, plus automatic plant foods, plus transplanters—all wrapped up in one convenient package!

All you do is take these amazing containers and drop two seeds into each! Cover the seeds with the extra material we send you. Water them—and put them in a dark corner! That's all there is to it! You don't even dirty your hands! And at the end of four short

weeks—before you even know it—you'll have tiny baby trees growing and thriving before your very eyes! In just a few short months you'll have actual forest trees that you can train and mould into breathtaking shapes that will make your friends gasp with astonishment! You'll be started on one of the most satisfying hobbies of your life that will eventually fill your home with Fairy-Tale beauty... that will yield you priceless living treasures, that you will hand down to your children, and to your children's children!

**Only A Few Pennies A Tree—
For A Lifetime Of Beauty**

Here's what you get! First of all, you receive the finest, top-quality hand-selected seeds! Fifteen to twenty top-grade seeds of each of the four magnificent varieties of miniature trees described on this page!

Secondly, you receive one of the most fascinating and helpful books on home gardening ever published—"A Simplified Guide to Growing and Exhibiting Miniature Trees!" Written by one of America's leading horticulturists! It gives you dozens of work-saving time-saving tips, secrets and short-cuts! It gives you simple step-by-step picture directions that show you exactly how to germinate and grow and train these

miniature beauties—in true professional style!

And finally—as an **ABSOLUTELY FREE GIFT**—you also receive the amazing Automatic Pre-Prepared Perlite Planting pots—that take all the guesswork, all the torture, all the heartbreak out of germinating these tiny trees! These twenty Automatic Planting Pots are our gift to you—yours to keep!

Yes! And the entire Kit is yours—not for the £5 or £10 you would expect to pay but for only £1/2/- complete! Enough material to grow dozens of magnificent Miniature Trees—and you grow them entirely at our risk. They must grow and thrive in your home—in the very first month that you have them—**OR EVERY PENNY OF YOUR MONEY BACK!**

POST THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MINIATURE FORESTS NURSERY
2, Bale Street, Manchester.

Yes! I want to grow your amazing Miniature Trees—entirely at your risk! I will pay the postman only £1/2/0, plus low C.O.D. charges. I understand that I will receive the complete Miniature Tree Kit—at least 15 to 20 top quality seeds of each of the four magnificent trees described by you... plus "A Simplified Guide to Growing and Exhibiting Miniature Trees" plus my **ABSOLUTELY FREE Bonus** and twenty Automatic Pre-Prepared Perlite Planting Pots!

I further understand that this Kit is completely guaranteed! That I must actually see these amazing Baby Miniature Trees growing and thriving in my home in only one short month, with no more than five short minutes' work on my part—or I may simply return the remainder of the Kit for every penny of my money back! In any case, the Automatic Planting Pots are **MINE TO KEEP**, even if I ask for my money back.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....COUNTY.....

Save 2/-. By enclosing a cheque, postal order or £1 note with this coupon, you need only send £1, thus saving 2/-. as we agree to pay all postage and handling charges.

Copyright by Miniature Forests, Inc. 1958.

For the Housewife

Holiday Reading for Children

By ELAINE MOSS

PAPERBOUND books are far cheaper than their hard-covered brothers and have the distinct advantage, from the point of view of summer holiday travel, that they can be packed in raincoat pockets. The ones I want to mention are the kind which look as though they will keep children actively occupied—on a journey, on the beach, on a walk, and so on.

First of all, the journey. The originator of the 'I-Spy' series seems to have realised how difficult it is for children to sit still, and his booklets are designed to make the very act of looking out of the window into a game. In *I-Spy on the Road*, for example, there are dozens of pictures of speed-signs, road-signs, road-side shops, different types of vehicle, and so on. As the children 'spy' these they note down where and when in the book—and then score marks. As travelling companions, so to speak, to *I-Spy on the Road* there are *I-Spy on a Train Journey*, *I-Spy Ships and Harbours*, and *I-Spy Aircraft*. These four booklets cost 6d. each, and I find it difficult to imagine a better investment. If there is a young child in the family do slip that thin little book called *Heads, Bodies and Legs* (it is Baby Puffin Book No. 7) into your handbag. Two minutes of scissor snipping before you leave home will turn this book into a game that should keep a three-year-old absorbed for hours.

If you are a town family spending an August holiday in the country Sir George Stapledon's *Farm Crops in Britain*, beautifully illustrated by S. R. Badmin, in the Puffin Picture Book series will answer most capably a thousand questions that you yourself might find

difficult. In the same series Paxton Chadwick has written and illustrated in full colour two splendid companions for a child on a country walk—*Wild Flowers* and *Wild Animals in Britain*. Apart from helping children to identify what they see, these books have a great deal of information in them which makes them excellent value at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. respectively. But for those country holiday-makers who like more to look at and less to read there are coloured *I-Spy* booklets at 1s. each on *Birds*, *Trees*, *Insects*, and almost every other aspect of country life. With *I-Spy at the Seaside* I shall look for a velvet swimming crab, an auger shell, a herring gull, and some thong weed—for with the labelled pictures in this book the whole seashore at once becomes a challenge to the eye.

Of all the paperbacks that could profitably accompany you and your family on a tour or sightseeing holiday there is one which is outstanding. It is called *Churches and Cathedrals*. The authors are Helen and Richard Leacroft and it is published by Puffin Picture Books at 3s. 6d. A family holiday is, after all, a holiday for everyone but most of us hate to take children to places which interest us and bore them. Many cathedrals and churches publish their own guide books for visitors but these are often useless to children. The Leacrofts' book, with its bold, imaginative illustrations, is brilliantly constructed so as to avoid a clutter of detail yet relay just that amount of information which will make any church fascinating to a child.

A good standby for wet weather is *The Scottie Sparetime Book* by Anthony Parker,

Transworld Publishers, 2s. 6d.: this not only gives puzzles and suggestions for games but also has some practical advice to offer on all sorts of hobbies, such as photography and painting. —'Woman's Hour'

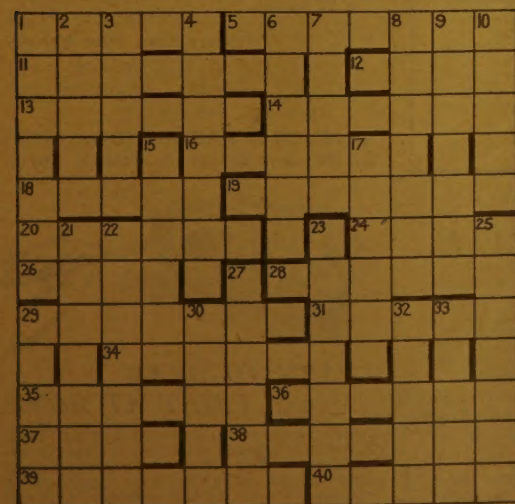
Notes on Contributors

- PHILIP E. MOSELY (page 147): member of the Council on Foreign Relations, U.S.A.; on the editorial board of *Foreign Affairs*; formerly Professor of International Relations at the Russian Institute of Columbia University
- TERENCE PRITTE (page 149): *The Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany
- ALAN DAY (page 151): Reader in Economics, London University; author of *Outline of Monetary Economics* and *The Future of Sterling*
- A. ALVAREZ (page 155): has recently been lecturing on English literature at Princeton University; author of *The Shaping Spirit*
- SIR ARTHUR RICHMOND (page 159): Chairman Land Settlement Association since 1948; Member of Royal Fine Art Commission; Deputy Director, Victoria and Albert Museum, 1907-1910
- C. D. DARLINGTON, F.R.S. (page 161): Sherardian Professor of Botany, Oxford University, since 1953; author of *Genes, Plants and People*, *The Elements of Genetics*, *Chromosome Botany*, etc.
- J. M. RICHARDS (page 166): Hoffman Wood Professor of Architecture, Leeds University; joint editor of the *Architectural Review*; author of *The Castles on the Ground*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,470. Sixes and Sevens II. By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 7. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



All clues to words of six and seven letters are wrongly numbered. These words must be entered in the diagram in their correct places, with the help of the remaining lights, which are correctly numbered. Every word in the diagram is in *Chambers's Dictionary, Mid-Century Version*.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Goosefoot ought commonly to stick to a hunting-dog (5)
5. The kestrel has a backward eye-structure, brown inside (7)
11. In a fretful state, a poor horse has pleasure much reduced (7)
12. Shoot the child—that's an order (4)
13. For an early border, do something about lettuce (6)
14. Corded cloth is coming back for anyone who has the taste (6)
16. Singer showing effects of old rye? (6)
18. Cave man decapitated by cut-down tree (5)
19. The thief's a precisian, half German (7)
20. A notch at the top, and the noble's head's in the basket (6)
24. A roll that's rapid but not loud (4)
26. St. Andrew's Club? Wee laddie gets no start here (4)
28. A type embraced by the earliest of elegiacs (6)
29. The eccentric rich in the Orient like goats (7)
31. Traffic's eastward-bound, it's plain (5)
34. Alchemist's gold box once accommodated sultanas (6)
35. Though he doesn't speak Spanish, he makes a smile vanish (6)
36. Tar him, dash it! Show a bit of Scottish guts! (6)
37. For the most part giving away Mother's secret (4)
38. Cross within cross makes criss-cross work (7)
39. See a mere tortoise hurry about a rare dainty (7)
40. Ancient drudge, a stubborn old creature (5)

DOWN

1. Property allowed to be put up after talk (7)
2. Get ready to drop the rent—the end's almost here (5)
3. When heated over the water, it's a large dish (5)
4. Grapple with the Beak—that's the stuff, though it's coarse! (7)

6. Transport for those who travel late to the pit (6)
7. The top class's alternative—a general course (5)
8. Separate crisped crackers (7)
9. Family of fliers at a sign of permission love soaring skywards (7)
10. Take the lid off the cauldron with intent (5)
15. Polish the old copper; there's nothing in it (6)
17. Where diplomats excel with impunity? (6)
21. Monkeys with one sandhill, and then several (7, hyphen)
22. The itch to wallow in wages—it works like a charm (7)
23. Goddess about to eat up paramour (7)
25. Rubbish dumped in a Glasgow street is enough to choke one (7)
27. He adored snakes, sizzling hot pie, and rock (6)
29. Place it underneath to soak up (5)
30. Kite's catchy song about the dawn of the day (5)
32. Abandoning solid shape, this Mede witnessed John's signature (5)
33. Climb Pelion's peak in the season (5)

Solution of No. 1,468

H	N	I	B	H	T	A	A
W	S	S	A	B	D	R	C
E	T	Y	E	A	O	Y	C
E	N	V	P	N	H	L	A
O	M	V	E	E	S	N	P
O	U	E	O	I	S	N	S
L	H	U	R	C	B	O	T
G	W	A	T	P	E	I	D

NOTES

36-51-57-42-25-10 4-19 13-7-24-30
FUGUES BY BACH
45-39-56-62-52-58-41-35-20-26
INTERWOVEN
9-3-18-1 11-28-22-5-15 32-47-64
WITH SPOHR AND
54-37-43-60-50-33-27-17-2 12-6
BEETHOVEN AT
16-31-21-38-48-63-53-59-49 34-44-29-14-8-23
CLASSICAL MONDAY
40-55-61-46
POPS

From: 'The Mikado' (W. S. Gilbert).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: L. T. Whitaker (Bournemouth); 2nd prize: W. Purbrick (Wallington); 3rd prize: D. W. Keith (Edinburgh, 7)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without going "into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Postal Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to obtain Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** from C. D. PARKER, M.A., LL.D., Dept. FE85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

GOOD ENGLISH gives you Confidence

*How you can gain poise—
develop your personality
—achieve success*

Hundreds of ambitious people have discovered a fascinating, simplified way to improve their English, gain self-confidence and develop their personality, and thus pave the way to success.

If you wish to become a good conversationalist, to write entertaining letters and to express your ideas fluently, take the first step by sending to the Regent Institute (Dept. Y/391D), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a free copy of "Word Mastery," an interesting booklet that gives details of the attractively planned Effective English Course. The moderate fee puts this unique Course within the reach of everyone.

Speedhand

is far and away the easiest of all shorthands to learn, to write and to read; the reason is that it uses the ordinary letters of the alphabet. Speedhand enables every word in the language to be condensed and instantly read back, the Speedhand form indicating the sound of the English word. Here is a fast, efficient phonetic shorthand which you are guaranteed to be able to learn in 20 hours (the "short course" in only 9 hours) without correspondence lessons. For full particulars of the new edition of the Speedhand Manual, and free trial lesson, please write to **THE SCHOOL OF SPEEDHAND** (Dept. L45) Hills Road, Cambridge

BM/BOOK

STORIES WANTED

by the British Institute of Fiction-writing Science Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection. Address your MS. to Dept. 32.

WE TEACH ONLY FICTION-WRITING

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by specialists. For 19 years we have been receiving testimonials from full- and part-time authors, professors, doctors, high-ranking officers and officials—all types. Many of the authors you read are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10% of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

The Sign of SCIENCE & SALES

Ceylon Orange Pekoe Tea

in all its fragrant delicacy. Direct imports available to everyone wishing to taste again its distinctive flavour. 7lb. sent for 40/- cash with order (which is less than 5/9 per lb. for this lovely tea). Or 7lb. for 41/10 c.o.d. State whether small or medium leaf required.

W.S.A. (Ceylon), Dept. 20/1,
14, New Brown Street, Manchester 4

Custom Built RADIOGRAMOPHONE Equipment

INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR
THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION
AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT
TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY
STANDARDS

Please write giving details of your
requirements to

Universal Electronic Products
36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

WOODWORM MAY FLY INTO YOUR HOME ANY DAY NOW



The adult stage of "woodworm" is a tiny beetle, and from early Spring until late Summer they will be emerging from infested wood. Woodworm beetles can fly and may lay up to 60 eggs in crevices of furniture and structural timbers. Inspect your woodwork regularly, and if you see small holes or piles of dust treat IMMEDIATELY with RENTOKIL. Brush and inject with the special Rentokil pressure injector for deep penetration to kill all woodworm and protect against future attack. RENTOKIL has been proved over 30 years—don't take risks, use only the best.

IF YOUR HOME IS WOODWORM FREE

Keep it that way by protecting while you polish with RENTOPOL, the only insecticidal polish which protects against woodworm and at the same time gives a lasting shine. Rentopol silicone cream or Rentopol silicone wax. New woodwork should be stained with RENTODYE, the insecticidal wood dye in 9 colours.

MOTHS. Use RENTOFAB mothproofing aerosol to kill moths, flies and all flying insects indoors.

LARGE SCALE INFESTATION

Where woodworm is found in structural timbers it is wise to have a Technical expert carry out an inspection because much damage can be hidden from the untrained eye. Trained Specialists will exterminate all woodworm and dry rot and operate from 40 centres throughout the country. ALL treatments carry a

RENTOKIL

*Kills
Woodworm*



**GOES FURTHER
LASTS LONGER**

FREE ADVICE Send this coupon for free technical advice or identification of specimens (specimens in a tin box, please).

20 YEAR GUARANTEE

Dept. L7, WOODWORM & DRY ROT CENTRE
23 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1. LAngham 5455

1. Please send me your booklet on how to protect my home.
2. Please send me details of your GUARANTEED SERVICE. (Delete as necessary)

Name _____

Address _____

Peter, darling —this is the second time

we've passed this blasted oak.
If you don't stop at the next
National Benzole station for
a set of their new road maps,
I'll get out and walk back
home! 1/- each.

HOW TO WRITE..

Each month, THE WRITER publishes new helpful articles specially designed to achieve one aim—to enable you to increase your income by writing. Benefit, then, from the knowledge and experience of experts in every field of saleable writing. Increase your income by learning how to write effectively for magazines and newspapers, for book publishers, for radio and T.V.

FREE Send now for free folder, "What's In It for You!"

**THE WRITER, 124, NEW
BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1**

Write after reading *The Writer—*

... AND SELL!

Tuition by Post



**UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE
COLLEGE**

U.C.C., est. 1887, with its staff of highly qualified Tutors, offers expert tuition for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University Degrees (obtainable without residence), A.C.P., L.C.P., and various Teachers' Diplomas, Law, Professional Preliminary, R.S.A., Local Government, Civil Service. Moderate fees; instalments if desired.

★ **PROSPECTUS** free from the Registrar, 56 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc., Econ., LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government and commercial exams.; for professional exams, in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

MORE THAN 250,000 EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful, Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D1/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

COLOUR for you—

so easy & inexpensive with the



ILFORD
Spotman

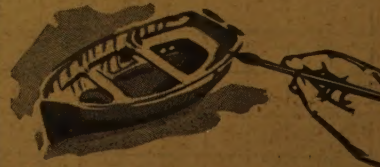
£14.0.10

35 mm camera

Including
Ever-Ready
Case
or £2 deposit
(Refunded if
camera returned
within 7 days).
Plus nine 4
weekly
payments of
28/-.

Specially designed
for superb colour
pictures and black
and white at a cost
less than ever before.
Synchronised for
flash. Write for free
booklet.

SHIELDS & WARREN (Dept. HS1)
27 Chequer Street, St. Albans, Herts.



LEARN TO DRAW and PAINT AT HOME

Start now, wherever you may live, by P.A.S. Postal Courses—the most joyous Hobby, easy, inexpensive and most successful. Over 4,000 pupils' drawings have appeared in "Punch" alone. A Pupil writes—"You will be interested to know I had one water colour accepted for the R.I. Exhibition. It was one of those done for Lesson 4." Write to-day for free illustrated Prospectus outlining Courses for beginners and those wishing to take up Water Colour Illustration, Commercial Art, etc. Percy V. Bradshaw.

THE PRESS ART SCHOOL LTD.
(Dept. T.L. 50) Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23